

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

SIERRA MADRE, LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1919.

VOL. XIII, NO. 32.

A Coat of Paint

on that house, garage or fence will brighten it up and make it more attractive to the buyer.

Don't wait for lower prices as paint manufacturers say reductions not probable this year. :: :: ::

PAINTS,
STAINS,
VARNISHES,
ENAMELS,
BRUSHES,
GLASS.

Sierra Madre Hardware Co.
31-35 West Central

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

A Nice Selection of Victor Records

Waltz Etude—Alfred Cortot.
Louise Depuis le jour—Alma Gluck.
Pierrot's Serenade—Jan Kubelik.
Love's Sorrow—George Hamlin.
Perfect Day—Evan Williams.
Comin' Thro' the Rye—Florence Hinkle.
Good Bye Sweetheart, Good Bye—John McCormick.
Love, Here is My Sweetheart—John McCormick.
Little Mother of Mine—John McCormick.
Calling Me Home to You—John McCormick.
Silver Threads Among the Gold—John McCormick.
Mary of Argyle—John McCormick.
There is a Long, Long Trail—John McCormick.
La Capinera (the Wren)—Amelita Galli-Curci.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME.

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

Subscribe to the Victory Loan First

Then make our bank your depository

4%

On Time Deposits

or Savings Accounts

First National Bank

VISIT THE FOX STUDIOS

In response to an invitation from Assistant Supt. L. Seiler, of the Fox Moving Picture Corporation, we loaded the family into the machine and drove to bustling Hollywood Saturday afternoon and visited this wonderful land of make-believe.

Big, genial, Policeman J. A. Collingwood, who has been with the company since the foundation for the first building was laid, was detailed to make it a "personally conducted" affair and devoted the better part of three hours piloting us into strange and mysterious places and confidentially exposing the "tricks of the trade."

And the sights we saw—oh boy—two whole blocks of them. And the actors and actresses, the whole solar system of stars—the fat policeman, the world familiar comedy man, the hero, the villain, and the vamp.

And say, the dresses those girls wore, were so tight around the bottom that some of them had ripped from the hem up ten or twelve inches.

Anyway it was a liberal education crowded into a short space of time and we will always have a warm spot in our hearts for Colonel Seiler and Captain Collingwood and in the future will always give the Fox "fillums" the preference—and if this story isn't worth a repeat invitation (when the sun is shining) it is "loves' labor lost."

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BENEFIT PLAY

The home talent play mentioned in the News several weeks ago is materializing and held the first rehearsal Tuesday night.

The cast includes some of the best talent in the city and the public is promised a high class performance by the promoter, Chas. C. Wilson, pastor of the Congregational church.

The play will be given at the Woman's Club house about June 1st, the proceeds will go to the building improvement fund of the church. Full details later.

FOUNDER OF THE NEWS WRITES FROM CHINA

Thirteen and one-half years ago, the News was founded by Rev. R. T. Cowles, and printed on a job press, four column folio size. During all these years Rev. Cowles has kept in touch with Sierra Madre affairs thru correspondence with old friends, although he has been at the other side of the world doing missionary work.

The following letter to S. R. G. Twycross, will be interesting to many of our readers.

Wuchow, South China.

Dear Mr. Twycross:—Sierra Madre must have grown a great deal since we saw it last. Time flies and changes take place rapidly. Could you mail me a copy of the Sierra Madre News—I should like to see what the paper looks like now.

We are all keeping well and busy here. Mrs. Cowles has her hands full with our little tribe all right. Five of them now, you know. Milton, our eldest, is going on twelve years old now, and is a big boy. Helen, the youngest, 15 months now, is as lively as the rest, just beginning to walk alone. Our house, just a frame shack you would call it at home, has only six rooms and our bunch sure fills it up. In the children's bedrooms we have "double deckers" built, bunk fashion for them to sleep in. This hill top where we live is a fine place for the children—plenty of ground for them to run about. They are a fine and healthy crew as you could wish to see.

Work goes along here in about the same routine way from day to day. There is nothing in the way of news to write further than what I put in print, so I'll not repeat here.

We enjoy hearing from you, and hope you will write again when you have time.

Many thanks for the gift enclosed in your letter. We appreciate your interest in us and the work we are doing.

With Christian regards,
R. T. Cowles.

CALIFORNIA BEHIND WITH QUOTA

Many Other States in With Their Quota of Loan

Twenty-five Per Cent of the Loan To Be Subscribed

The Victory Liberty Loan is still dragging and National, State, County and Municipal committees are making frantic efforts to induce the people to subscribe for this last and best government loan.

Have we forgotten already, the fear of hun victory? Are we ungrateful for the quick deliverance from the threatened german invasion? Have we forgotten our heroes sleeping on a foreign soil? And the survivors who wish for a speedy return home? Are we so selfish that we refuse a 5 per cent investment, secure as the eternal hills, because of a chance speculation that may yield greater returns? Will we repudiate our honorable obligation? Will we allow our country to be humiliated before the nations of the world?

Forget you are a Sierra Madrian, and remember you are an American. Reverse your telescope and place the small end to your eye so that you can see the whole United States.

You have always helped nobly before, but now you are asked to go the limit, and make a real sacrifice if necessary. Perhaps you have loaned your loose change—dig up your bank roll, and help this loan to success.

You were casually asked to contribute to a fund for devastated France, a short time ago, and although the money was a gift not a loan, you gave almost double the amount asked, and it was for a foreign country, who will be well provided for in the peace terms. The Victory Loan is an investment, and a gilt-edged one, for your own dear country. Will you fail her? Will you make a sacrifice if necessary?

A little four-year-old tot brought one of her dolls to the News office

A MARIGOLD CITY

The city flower garden was plowed the last of last week, turning under the weeds before they went to seed. Later in the season, the Board of Trade, represented by W. W. Felgate will plant marigolds, and seeds of the same flower will be offered the public to plant in their yards and along the walks, so that there will be an abundance of material with which to decorate our floats for the parade of the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena next winter.

as a gift to another little girl who had none, and as she kissed her dollie good bye and the tears rolled down her little cheeks, she made a greater sacrifice than any person in Sierra Madre has yet made in subscribing for this loan.

Perhaps you have already subscribed—subscribe again. Perhaps you have not subscribed to this or to previous loans—subscribe now and show your friends and neighbors that you are true American. If you have not the cash subscribe anyway and pay on the installment plan—you'll be money ahead at the end of less than a year and the proud feeling of ownership of a government bond will more than repay you for the economy you may have to practice to meet the payments.

Don't worry about Sierra Madre going over the top. She'll go over all right. This question is bigger than Sierra Madre, and civic pride—its national, and you belong.

You subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan 401 per cent, to the Fourth Liberty Loan 212 per cent of the quota. Will you do less for the Fifth Liberty Loan?

The committee headquarters at the First National Bank will be open tonight and tomorrow night until o'clock. Come on, folks, help out your Uncle Sam.

WISTARIA VISITORS

STILL COMING

During the Wistaria fete, some enterprising employee of a well known automobile company of Los Angeles, snapped a picture of the Fennel home with the well known automobile in the foreground.

Last Saturday this picture appeared in the Los Angeles Express as an advertisement, the deceptive reading matter leading the public to believe that the vine was still in full bloom, and something like a couple of thousand people drove out to see it—only to be disappointed as there is not a blossom on the vine, now.

Each Sunday since the fete closed, the Fennel family have been annoyed by the crowds that continued to come and at least on one of these occasions a special police was employed to turn the crowd back.

FLOWER FETE FIGURES

All of our readers will be interested in the financial result of the Wistaria vine fete which brought such crowds to Sierra Madre last month. Mrs. Marian E. Lees, treasurer of the Woman's Club has prepared an itemized statement showing the receipts and disbursements, which shows the following totals. The net profits were divided equally between the Woman's Club and the Board of Trade.

Receipts	\$1571.65
Disbursements	908.99
Profit	\$ 662.66

DIED

Mrs. Louisa Davis, aged 53 years, died Sunday at the Pasadena Hospital. Funeral was held Tuesday afternoon from the Allen T. Gay Undertaking rooms, Rev. H. J. Baldwin officiating. Interment in Sierra Madre cemetery.

The deceased, who leaves a husband, H. Davis, was only ill a few hours and death was the result of locked bowels, which an operation failed to relieve. The sympathy of all is extended to the bereaved husband.

MORE DOGS ARE POISONED

Several additional canines went to dog heaven last week via the poison route and speculation is varied as to the reason, intent and cause.

Some cling to the theory that chicken owners put out poison for cats, which kill chickens, others think gopher and squirrel poison is responsible, but the majority who express an opinion are firm in the belief that it is pure cussedness on the part of some party or parties who put out the poison with the intention and hope of destroying dogs.

The News cannot believe that this latter theory is correct, because, Sierra Madre is not a "dog town" in the sense that there is a quantity of worthless cur dogs here. Almost all of the dogs owned in Sierra Madre are blooded animals. Many of them are pure breed and valuable. They are not vicious and just why anyone would wish to kill such dogs, wholesale, we cannot understand.

After numerous inquiries, developing the fact that numbers of persons have seen dogs digging up garbage buried in back yards, we believe that some people are careless about throwing disinfectants into the garbage and the dogs dig it up and obtain the poison in this way.

However, your guess may be as good as ours and every one of us should keep a close watch to discover if possible the real manner in which Sierra Madre dogs are poisoned and when positive proof is secured, a positive remedy should be applied.

BETHANY PASTOR LEAVES

Rev. H. J. Baldwin, pastor of the Bethany church here has accepted a call from the Emmanuel Presbyterian church at Colorado Springs, Colorado and, with his family, will leave for his new field next Tuesday.

Rev. and Mrs. Baldwin are leaving many warm friends here who regret their departure, but wish them God-speed in their new location.



BERGIEN BROS.

FERN LODGE

in the Big Santa Anita Canyon

THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS MOUNTAIN RESORT in CALIFORNIA, BUT WE HAVE HERE ELECTRIC LIGHTS, SANITARY SHOWER BATHS & TOILETS, TELEPHONE, PURE SPRING WATER AND THE BEST BEDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

TELEPHONE US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
G. H. PETERSON Camp Manager, TELEPHONE A-11-4 BELLS

E. D. TOPPING, Propr.
SIERRA MADRE CALIFORNIA

J. F. SADLER & CO.

THIS WEEK WE ARE SHOWING NEW LINES OF CHILDREN'S PLAY SUITS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BILLIE BOSS DRESSES

For girls, made of khaki colored Galatea and fancy stripes reversible collar, cuffs and belts \$2.50

OVER-SUITS

For boys or girls, made of khaki cloth, trimmed in red. Special Price \$1.15

MEN'S KHAKI SUITS—98c.

MEN'S SOFT SHIRTS, white—95c

BROWN, WHITE, BLACK HOSE, 59c

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

The Thirteenth Commandment

By RUPERT HUGHES

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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"That makes no difference," Daphne stormed, already converted to the shop religion. "Customers must not find the door shut. Run open it at once. Suppose Mrs. Romilly dropped in. We'd lose her—unless this notoriety drives her away." A little blush of shame flickered in Daphne's pale cheeks a moment and went out. She sighed: "I suppose Mr. Duane has stopped that check, too—if he ever sent it. Oh, dear!"

Then a nurse knocked; brought in a card growing in a large little azalea tree. Daphne scanned it. "Mr. Thomas Varick Duane!" She peered closer at the pencilings and read aloud: "I just learned. I'm heartbroken. Isn't there anything I can do?"

Daphne felt as if outraged society had forgiven her.

"Isn't he a darling?" she murmured. Mrs. Chivvis begrudged a stingy. "Well, of course—" She had the poor folks' conscientious scruples against wasting praise on the rich. "You'll want to see him, I presume."

But Daphne had had enough of evil appearance. "See him here? Never!" She glared at poor Mrs. Chivvis with a reproach that was excruciating to accept, and ordered her to go down and meet Mr. Duane and incidentally learn about the check. "Business is business," she said.

Mrs. Chivvis descended in all the confusion of a Puritan wife meeting a Cavalier beau. She came back later to say that Mr. Duane was really very nice, and spoke beautifully and had sent the check and would send another if Daphne wished it, and would make old Mrs. Romilly go on with the order, and would she like some special fruits or soups or something? He was really very nice.

Daphne eyed her with ironic horror and said, "You've been flirting with him! and me so helpless here!"

"Daph!—nee!! Kip!!!" Mrs. Chivvis screamed. The only counter-thrust she could think of was, "And what does Mr. Wimburn say?"

This sobered Daphne. Why had Clay sent no word? Everybody else in town had seen the papers. Clay read the papers. Surely he was not capable of such monstrous pique. When your worst enemy gets badly hurt you've just got to forgive—if you're human.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Leila was determined to endure everything that might be necessary to regain her beauty. She would go through any ordeal of knives or plaster casts or splints or medicines for that. She was quite grim about it. Her resolution extended to the spending of as much of Bayard's money as might be necessary on surgeons' fees and doctors' bills. If she bankrupted Bayard it would be with the tenderest motives.

Five times she went to the operating table, made that infernal journey into etherland, knowing what afterwards waited her, what retching and burning and bleeding. She braved death again and again, took long chances with cowering bravado. And all for Bayard's sake.

One morning when Bayard reached his office after a harrowing all-night vigil at Leila's side he was just falling asleep over the first mail when his telephone snarled. He reached for it with alarm. A voice boomed in his ear:

"Ah you thah?"

"Yes."

"Keep the line, please. Now, you ah through, sir?"

Then a growl replaced the boom, a growl that made the receiver rattle:

"Ah you thah, Mr. Kip? This is Colonel Marchmont. I dare say you remember our conversation about those damned contracts with Wetherell. A little farther discussion might not be amiss—if you could make it perfectly convenient to drop ovvah at, say, a quawtah pahst fah?—Good! I shall expect you at that ah."

Bayard pondered. What new persecution was fate preparing? As he went to the office, he bought an evening paper. A heavily headed cablegram announced that the laborers in the British munition works were striking or threatening to strike. A gleam of understanding came into Bayard's eye. When he reached the desk of Colonel Marchmont he looked unabashed into the revolver muzzle of the old war horse's one eye.

Without any preliminary courtesies or any softening of his previous tone the colonel snorted: "Those devilish contracts you made with Wetherell!—The poor fellow is no longer alive—more's the pity, but—Well, I'm afraid I was a bit severe with you. I fancy we might see our way to renewing those contracts at a reasonable figure—say at a 25 per cent reduction from the terms you quoted."

Bayard smiled and shook his head. He bluffed the bluffer. "The prices we quoted included only a fair profit, colonel. Since then materials have been going up in price every minute, owing to the demand from abroad,

And the home market is booming. We can sell all our product here, and more, too, than we can make."

Colonel Marchmont squirmed, but he was a soldier and loved a good counter-attack. He smiled as he squirmed. Wetherell was avenged when his successor signed new contracts at a higher price than he had made. The changing times changed everything; yesterday's exorbitance was today's bargain.

Bayard departed with a wallet full of business. He got back to his office on feet fledge with Mercurial wings. His feet were beautiful on the rug of the president's office.

Bayard felt so kindly to all the world that he hurried to the hospital



Wetherell Was Avenged When His Successor Signed New Contracts at a Higher Price Than He Had Made.

to scatter good news like flowers over Leila's couch. She was in that humor when anybody else's good fortune was an added grief to her.

"I'm no use to you now," she wailed. "I never was much. But at least I dressed and kept looking fit. And you said I was pretty. But now—Oh, Bayard, Bayard! You used to call me beautiful, and I tried to be beautiful for you. But now—To be ugly and useless both—it's too much!"

Wise pathfinders say that when you are wandering in strange country you should turn every now and then and look back at the way you came. It wears a different aspect entirely from its look as you approached, and you will need to know how it will look when you return.

From childhood on, Leila had been warned against extravagance—as Bayard had, as have we all. But only now that she was looking backward could she realize the wisdom, the intolerable truth of the adage, "Waste not, want not."

Meanwhile Daphne was having so different a history that she felt ashamed. It seemed unfair to her to get well quickly and with no blemish except a scar or two that would not show, while Leila hung between death and deformity.

But seeing Bayard alone and hearing Leila fret, she felt confirmed in her belief that she had done the whole-some thing when she joined the laboring classes. There were discouragements without cease, yet Daphne was learning what a remedy for how many troubles there is in work. It seemed to be almost panacea. It was exciting, fatiguing, alarming, but it was objective. She was on her way at last to that fifty thousand a year she had dreamed of. She was uncertain yet of earning a thousand a year, but she was on the road.

Clay Wimburn, seeking chances in the West, did not see the New York papers or any other record of Daphne's accident. When he got back to New York, his pockets full of contracts, Bayard, equally successful, greeted him enthusiastically. Then he learned of the accident and the fact that Daphne was "in trade." He was indignant at the news and wanted to see her at once.

Bayard gave him the address, and Clay wasted no time asking further questions. He made haste to the subway, fuming; left the train at the Grand Central station and climbed up to a taxicab.

Then he found Daphne. She led him into a little shop empty of everything but the debris of removal.

"Where are we?" said Clay.

"This was my shop."

"What's the matter? Busted already?" Clay asked, with a not unflattering cheerfulness.

"Not in the least," Daphne explained. "We've expanded so fast we had to move. We sublet and moved across the street."

"You remember Mrs. Chivvis, don't you? Mrs. Chivvis, you haven't forgotten Mr. Wimburn. He's kept away

so long you might have, though. Where've you been, Clay? But wait—you can tell me on the way over to the new shop."

When she led him into her new emporium the graceful fabrics displayed were all red rags to him. He was a bull in a crimson shop.

Daphne made Clay sit down and asked him if it were not all perfectly lovely. He waited until Mrs. Chivvis went on to the workroom. He had a glimpse of a number of girls and women on sewing bent. They were laughing and chattering.

He answered, "It's perfectly loathsome."

Instead of resenting this insult Daphne laughed till she fell against the counter. The worst of it was that her eyes were so tender.

"Where did you get all the capital for all this stock?" Clay demanded, with sudden suspicion.

"Oh, part of it we bought on credit and part of it on borrowed money."

"Borrowed from whom?"

"From Mr. Duane."

"This was too much of too much. Clay stormed: 'I'll get him!'"

"Oh, no, you won't!"

"Oh, yes, I will!"

"I won't have you assaulting the best friend I've got in the world."

He groaned aloud at this, not noticing how she used the word "friend." She ran on. She had not talked to him for so long that she was a perfect chatterbox.

"He lent me five hundred dollars when I didn't know where else to get it. And it nailed our first real contract—a big commission from old Mrs. Romilly. We paid back Mr. Duane's five hundred and then—" She giggled in advance at what was coming to Clay. "And then I borrowed a thousand from him. We owe him that now."

Clay was as wroth as she had wished. He took out a little book. "Well, I'll give you a check for that amount—or more. And you can pay Duane off with interest. I won't have you owing him money."

"You won't have!" Daphne mocked. "You won't have? Since when did you become senior partner here?"

"Senior partner!" Clay railed. "I'm no partner in this business! I hate this business. It makes me sick to see you in it."

"Then step out on the walk," said Daphne. "You're scaring away customers and using up the time of the firm. The boudoir is no place for you, anyway."

A young woman with a bridal eye walked in and Daphne left Clay to blunder out sheepishly. He did not see that she cast sheep's eyes after him. He was a most bewildered young man. He had made a pile of money and still he was not happy!

CHAPTER XXVII.

In the course of a few wretched days Clay picked up some of the facts about Daphne's presence in Wetherell's fatal car. He was more furious at her than ever and more incapable of hating her.

He saw Bayard often, but Bayard knew little and said less. One afternoon he invited Clay to ride with him to the hospital, whence Leila was to graduate. He warned Clay not to betray how shocked he would be at Leila's appearance, which, he said, was a wonderful improvement on what it had been.

She was, indeed, a mere shell, and Clay was not entirely successful with his compliments.

Leila sighed: "Much obliged for your good intentions. I'm a mere sack of bones, but I'm going to get well. The doctors say that if I take care of myself every minute and go to a lot of specialists and go to Bar Harbor in the hot weather and to Palm Beach in the cold and spend about a million dollars I'll be myself some day. That's not much, but it's all I've got to work for. Poor Bydie! He didn't know he was endorsing a hospital when he married me."

"What do I care, honey?" Bayard cried, with perfect chivalry. "The money is rolling in and I'd rather spend it on you than on anybody else."

"The money's rolling out just as fast as it rolls in," Leila sighed. "The Lord seems to provide a new expense for every streak of luck. And that's my middle name—Expense."

She had actually learned one lesson. That was a hopeful sign.

Clay sought Daphne in her odious (to him) place of business. She asked him what she could sell him. He said he would wait till the shop closed. She raised her eyebrows impudently and gave him a chair in a corner. He sat there feeling as out of place as a strange man in a harem.

Eventually the last garrulous customer talked herself dumb; the last sewing woman went. Mrs. Chivvis pulled down the curtains in the show window and at the door and bade good night.

Then Daphne locked the door, dropped wearily into a chair, and sighed, "Well, Clay?"

"I want to know why you don't give up Tom Duane."

She shrugged her excellent shoul-

ders again, but she did not smile. She spoke instead: "I don't ask you to give up your stenographer."

"Oh, it's like that, eh? Well, then, why won't you let me lend you money instead of Tom Duane?"

Her answer astounded him with its feminine logic: "I can borrow of Mr. Duane because I don't love him and never did and he knows it. I can't borrow of you because—"

He leaped at the implication: "Because you love me?"

"Because I used to."

"Don't you any more?" he groaned.

"How can I tell? It's been months and months since I saw the Clay Wimburn that came out to Cleveland and lured me on to New York. The only Clay Wimburn I've seen for some time has been a horribly prosperous, domineering snob who is too proud to be seen with a working woman. He wants to marry a lady. I never was one and don't want to be one. I'm a business woman and I love it."

"And you wouldn't give up your shop for me?"

"Certainly not."

He looked at her with baffled emotions. She was so delectable and so obstinate, so right-hearted and so wrong-headed. It was intolerable that she should keep a shop. He spoke after a long delay:

"May I come and see you once in a while?"

"If you want to."

"Where you living now?"

"Still at the Chivvisses."

"You ought to take better care of yourself than that. Surely you can afford a better home."

"I suppose so, but it would be lonely anywhere else. It has been safe there—since you quit calling on me. It doesn't cost me much."

"But you're making so much money."

"Not so very much—yet, but it's all my own and I made every cent of it, and—golly! how I love to watch it grow."

"You miser."

"Maybe. I guess that's the only way to save money—to make a passion out of it and get a kind of voluptuous feeling from it. But I really think that it's the fun of making it that interests me most. It certainly keeps me out of mischief and out of loneliness. Oh, there's no freedom like having a job and a little reserve in the bank. It's the only life, Clay."

"And you wouldn't give up your 'freedom,' as you call it, even for a man you loved? Couldn't you love a man enough to do that?"

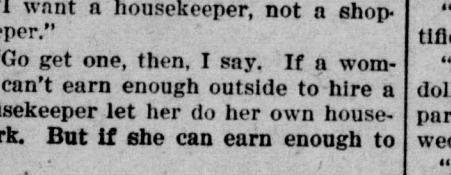
"I could love a man too much to do that. For where's the love in a woman's sitting around the house all day and waiting for a man to come home and listen to the gossip of her empty brain? That isn't loving; that's loafing."

Clay was not at all persuaded. "But there's no comfort or home life in marrying a business woman."

"How do you know? You know plenty of unsuccessful wives who are not business women."

"I want a housekeeper, not a shop-keeper."

"Go get one, then, I say. If a woman can't earn enough outside to hire a housekeeper let her do her own housework. But if she can earn enough to



"It Seems to Me It Couldn't Help Being a Better and a Happier Way of Living."

hire a hundred housekeepers why should she stick to the kitchen? In my home, if I ever get one, the cook will not be the star. Besides, it enlarges life so. Instead of two living on the wages of one two will live on the earnings of two. It seems to me it couldn't help being a better and a happier way of living."

Clay blushed vigorously as he mumbled "What's your business woman going to do when the—the babies

come? Or do you cut out the kiddies?"

Daphne blushed, too. "Well, I should think that the business woman could afford babies better than anybody else. She has to give up the housework, anyway, even when she's a housekeeper. I suppose she could give up her shop for a while. At least she could share the expense—or her husband could stand the bills since he escapes the pain. I tell you, if I ever had a daughter I'd make her learn her own trade if she never learned anything else. I'd never raise her to the hideous, indecent belief that the world owes her a living and she's got a right to squeeze it out of the heart's blood of some hard-working man. No, sirree! It may be old-fashioned, but it isn't decent, and it isn't even romantic. The love of two free souls, with their own careers and their own expenses, seems to me about the best kind of love there could be. Then both of them can come home evenings and their home will be a home—a fresh, sweet meeting place."

Clay breathed hard. He was silenced, but not convinced—beyond being convinced that Daphne Kip was still the one woman in the world for him, in spite of her cantankerous notions. Still, of course, a woman had to have some flaw or she would not be human. Daphne's foible was as harmless as anyone's, perhaps. So he blurted out: "I suppose you've given up all thought of marrying me?"

She answered him with pious earnestness: "I've never given up that thought, Clay. I've been trying to make myself worthy of the happiness it would mean. I have had the trousseau all made, and paid for, a long while. That's what I came to town for originally—our trousseau. But when I saw how much sacrifice it meant for my poor old father and what a bundle of bills I'd be dumping on my poor young lover I couldn't see the good of it. So I took my vow that I wouldn't get a trousseau till I could earn the price of it myself. And now I've earned the price and I've got it. But I've lost my excuse for wearing it."

"Still, I'd probably have lost you, anyway, or ruined you if I had brought you my old ideas. Everybody always says that money is the enemy of love. I wonder if it couldn't be made the friend. It would be an interesting experiment, anyway."

"Daphne, honey, let's try the experiment."

She looked at him with a heavenly smile in her eyes, and answered, "Let's."

He moved toward her, but she dodged behind the counter. She studied him a moment, then reached below the counter. A bell rang and a drawer slid out. She took some bills from it, made a memorandum on a slip of paper, and put that in the place of the bills, closed the drawer, and leaned across the counter, murmuring: "They say all successful businesses are begun on borrowed money. So I'll borrow this from the firm—for luck."

She put out her hand. Clay put out his. She laid three dollars on his palm and closed his fingers on them.

"What's all this?" he asked, all mystified. She explained:

"A plain gold band costs about six dollars, and that's for my half of the partnership. Women are wearing their wedding rings very light nowadays."

"I should say so!" Clay groaned, but with a smile.

She bent forward and he bent forward and their lips met. She was only a saleswoman selling a customer part of a heart for part of a heart, but to Clay the very counter was the golden bar of heaven, and Daphne the Blessed Damozel that leaned on it and made it warm.

THE END.

The Hottest City.

The city of Hyderabad, on the great Sind desert of India, has the reputation of being the hottest place in the world, having a shade temperature of 127 degrees during the summer months! Even the natives find it hot—and that is saying something.

In order to cool their houses as much as possible, the people make use of curious ventilators very much like those on shipboard, "setting" them so as to convey a breeze to the dwellers in the hot rooms below. Every residential building has several of these queer airshafts leading down to the principal living rooms, and especially to the bedrooms. Even so, it is practically impossible, during the terrible heat of summer, to get to sleep until two or three o'clock in the morning, and then one only gets a couple of hours' rest, as the rays of the Indian sun are specially strong early in the morning, and soon raise the temperature again to an unbearable extent.

Rush for Free Molasses.

When a tank car filled with 8,000 gallons of molasses was upset near Telford, Pa., and the molasses began to run out, people came by scores, on foot, in carriages and by automobiles, and salvaged some hundreds of gallons of molasses before the railroad men plugged the opening and left dozens of disappointed ones waiting to get at the outflow.

WOMAN WORKS 15 HOURS A DAY

Marvelous Story of Woman's Change from Weakness to Strength by Taking Druggist's Advice.

Peru, Ind.—"I suffered from a displacement with backache and dragging down pains so badly that at times I could not be on my feet and it did not seem as though I could stand it. I tried different medicines without any benefit and several doctors told me nothing but an operation would do me any good. My druggist told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it with the result that I am now well and strong. I get up in the morning at four o'clock, do my housework, then go to a factory and work all day, come home and get supper and feel good. I don't know how many of my friends I have told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. ANNA METTERIANO, 36 West 10th St., Peru, Ind.

Women who suffer from any such ailments should not fail to try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



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HOW CAN YOU TELL YOUR FAVORITE TOBACCO?

As Plain as the Nose on Your Face—Just Smell It

Smokers do not have to put tobacco in their pipes to find out if they like it. They can just rub the tobacco between the palms of their hands and smell it. The nose is an infallible guide to smoking enjoyment.

All smoking tobaccos employ some flavoring "to improve the flavour and burning qualities of the leaves," to quote the Encyclopedia Britannica. Naturally, there is considerable difference in the kind of flavorings used, and the nose quickly detects this difference. TUXEDO Tobacco uses the purest, most wholesome, and delicious of all flavorings—chocolate. And the almost universal liking for chocolate in a great measure explains the widespread popularity of TUXEDO Tobacco.

Carefully aged, old Burley tobacco, plus a dash of pure chocolate, gives TUXEDO Tobacco a pure fragrance your nose can quickly distinguish from any other tobacco. Try it and see.

Petroleum Substitute.

One Spanish substitute for petroleum for miners' lamps contains 77.5 per cent of 96 degree per cent alcohol and 22.5 per cent of benzol. This lamp fuel seems to have met with some approval, but an objection is its low efficiency, the lamp using it developing only 77 per cent of the illuminating power of the standard petroleum lamp. A new mixture designed to yield this brilliancy is made up of 62 per cent by volume of the alcohol, 16 of benzol, 7.5 of rectified turpentine and 14.5 of fusel oil.

Health Was Shattered

Mrs. Hayes Was Discouraged Until Doan's Made Her Well.

"I was in awful shape from kidney trouble," says Mrs. Frank Hayes, 42 Dover St., Boston, Mass. "When I got up out of a chair, I felt as though someone had stuck a knife into the small of my back and it fairly took my breath away."

"The kidney secretions passed often and only a little at a time. They were so scalding I would scream so I believe I could be heard a block away. They deposited brick-dust-like sediment and their odor was something awful. My complexion became sallow and I had large puffs under my eyes."

"I was troubled with spells of gasping for breath and had such dizzy attacks I often fell right over. Spots floated before my eyes and I got so nervous I couldn't stand any noise. I cried over nothing at all, became irritable and imagined all sorts of things. My health was shattered and I became discouraged."

"I continued to grow worse in spite of any treatment and came pretty near dying several times. After several months of this horror, I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills. I used a dozen boxes of Doan's and was cured. I was entirely well and have enjoyed good health ever since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Blisters, Sores, Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Cuticura Soap

IS IDEAL For the Hands

Soap 25c, Cream 25c & 50c, Talcum 25c. Sample each mailed free by "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

Just the Things

To please your family—the novelties of Spring—Easter gifts—sensible presents that lighten the burdens and make life worth living. Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

SEND US YOUR FROZEN, LEAKY, DAMAGED RADIATORS

We pay transportation one way. Returned like new. ACETYLENE WELDING in all its branches. We save you time and money.
H. & E. Radiator & Welding Co.
252 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

LIFE HOLDS NOTHING BETTER

Man That Has Contentment in His Heart Need Seek No Further for Happiness.

Discontent with his lot in life is the great curse of the man of ordinary estate in this world. To have the things that are beyond his reach consumes him with a ceaseless fire. Such men, as a rule, have enough and to spare, but this does not seem to satisfy them. If they would only determine to be content with what they have they would be happy.

The consequence is that they make a dismal failure of a life that could easily have been a great success as far as their happiness is involved. And, without happiness it were better that a man had not lived at all.

Then we have the man who has all the wealth and power and maybe all the glory that he craves, but who is in constant fear that it will be taken away from him; that he will lose his worldly possessions or that somebody will rob him of the limelight.

Contentment never sleeps under the roof of such a man. Wherefore, of what good to him is all that he has?

Now, if the man who wants that which is beyond his reach could school himself to be like Paul, "content in whatsoever state" he found himself, he would get things out of life that he never dreamed of. He would sleep soundly and awake in gladness. And if the man who has all the wealth he had craved could school himself to feel that it wouldn't matter if he were to lose it all, he would also sleep soundly and awake in gladness.

Who among us that would wish to go through life and miss the biggest thing there is in life? Well, the least man on earth can have that big thing for his very own simply by a motion of the mind that God gave him when he was born.

The big thing in life—its name is Contentment. It lies at your feet. Take it up and let it warm you.—*Utica Globe.*

EXPLAINED ONLY BY THEORY

Origin of Band Called the Wedding Ring Is Wrapped in the Deepest Obscurity.

Why is a wedding ring? Why does a man slip a ring on the finger of the woman who becomes his bride? Why doesn't he give her a bracelet or a necklace, or a pair of earrings? Why is a ring the universal symbol used at weddings? And what is it a symbol of? Ever stop to think about all this? Probably not. When you were ready to marry, you hustled off to the nearest jeweler's and bought a ring for your bride, and, as far as you were concerned, that ended the matter.

The origin of the wedding ring is wrapped in obscurity. A number of theories have been advanced to explain it. One harks back to ancient Egypt. Before the time of mints and coinage in Egypt, gold money was made in the form of a ring, and the fingers of a man's hands were his most convenient bank. He wore his money. When an enamored swain slipped one of these money rings on his bride's finger, he did it to symbolize that he gave her not only himself, but his fortune. He meant, in fact, just what the modern bridegroom means when he says in the ceremony of the ring at the altar, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

The styles today are bands of gold or platinum, plain or engraved, for wedding rings, and solitaire or cluster rings of any kind of gems, preferably diamonds or pearls, for engagement rings.

Mends Granite Ware.

The government suggests we economize on kitchen utensils. To mend a hole in granite ware work a piece of putty until perfectly soft, then take a piece of the putty large enough to cover the hole and put one piece on either side of the metal, pressing down together inside and out, smoothing down the edges. Place the vessel in a slow oven and bake until the putty is a deep brown. For containing water the vessel will be as good as new.

Early Irish Culture.

The evidences of early and medieval culture in Ireland are a multitude of beautiful things, classics of literature, but likewise wonders of creative art. Thus at Cong abbey, where sleep many of Ireland's ancient dead, and among them Rory O'Connor, the last king, there is an exquisite cross with gold traceries and delicate beauty of silver and copper and enamel and bronze, a proof of the civilization built up within Ireland long before the Normans crossed to her shores. Such instances might be multiplied.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

by Mary Graham Bonner

SPRING SNOWSTORM.

"Well," said the great big stone, "this is fine."

The big stone was big enough so that quite a few children could get on it at one time. It was away off in some woods, quite far from the nearest village, and it was a fine place to have a picnic.

Some children had decided to give a picnic there and they had asked their daddy to let them have two of the horses and the team to take them all to the big stone.

The stone was in some woods which belonged to a family in a neighboring farmhouse. They were not very well off, so they made a little money by charging a small amount for people who wanted to go through their land to see the stone and have a picnic there.

And the most important thing about the stone has not yet been told. It was a rocking stone. Yes, that great big stone actually rocked when one touched it, just as a rocking chair will rock.

All the children went in the wagon who were going to the picnic, and there were five children in all.

They reached the road which was a private one, and they stopped to pay to be allowed to go through to the part where the rocking stone was.

"How much is it?" they asked of the neighboring farmer's little boy.

"It's five cents apiece for children," he said. "And that lets you look at the stone and stay there as long as you want."

They all laughed, and the children went through to the rocking stone. And it was then the stone said to itself: "This is fine." How wonderful it seemed! The stone was so big that they had to climb up a ladder in order to reach the top where they were going.



"I Do Believe I Feel a Drop of Rain."

ing to have their picnic, and yet they could stand by it and move it so it actually rocked, not using more than one hand.

"Let's eat right away," some one suggested. And it was such a good suggestion that they started in to eat at once. And such good things as they had! They had cocoa which was piping hot, because it had been heated in a kettle on a bonfire which they had made as soon as they had arrived.

They had sandwiches of all kinds, and cake and bananas and oranges, and all sorts of other goodies. And they had a box with hard candies in it which they all had decided was the best kind.

"They had not been eating long when one of the children said: 'I do believe I feel a drop of rain—no—it is a flake of snow. Yes, it is snowing!'"

"It can't be," the other children said, "for the spring has come."

"But look, there are really snowflakes falling now. And such great big flakes, too!"

And, true enough, even though the spring had come, huge snowflakes fell upon the children as they ate their picnic lunch on top of the big rocking stone.

And they laughed and said: "Well, this is a real picnic and everything is very wonderful."

"Yes," said another child, "and it is so interesting as everything is a little different from usual. It is not usual to have a picnic on top of a huge stone which we have to climb a ladder for if we want to reach the top, and yet it will rock when we touch it, just as though it were a rocking chair. And now the snow is falling though it is spring."

The jolly old King Snow laughed as he heard this and said: "I like to give them a surprise in the spring when they think I've left them for good. And I'm glad I've given the children a good surprise, for it makes their picnic party all the more fun, for they like me, they do." And old King Snow chuckled and went to bed for the summer months feeling very happy indeed.

Boise weather bureau's weekly crop bulletin will start its regular summer publication April 9, and will furnish farmers throughout the state with much information of value concerning crop and livestock conditions in the various localities.

SCRAPS OF HUMOR



A Real Philanthropist.

"Miss Goode is such a kind-hearted person," remarked the sympathetic soul, "Always trying to help the poor, I understand."

"Indeed she is," rejoined the society butterfly, "when she goes to a dance she picks out all the poor dancers in the room and helps them learn the steps."

Making Himself Felt in Business.

"What's that boy of yours doing now, Uncle Gabe?" asked the returned villager.

"He's takin' drawin' lessons up to the city."

"Didn't know he had any artistic tendencies."

"He ain't. He's a learnin' to be a dentist, by heck."

Thrown Down.

New Drummer—Hello, Cutie! Is the buyer in?

Ribbon Counter Mary—No, freshy, but the cellar is downstairs.

Very Uncertain.

"It is hard to tell whether Jim prefers blondes or brunettes, he is so illogical."

"How is that?"

"If he likes brunettes he keeps it a dark secret, and if he prefers blondes he makes light of it."

Must Have Been Bad.

"Did the editor accept your manuscript?"

"No, returned it."

"Declined with thanks, I presume?"

"Worse than that. He didn't even include the thanks."



TOO MUCH FOR DAD.

"I say old Topper, that's a bright boy you have. How old is he?"

"Well, I can't quite make out, you see he was born on the 29th of February."

The Psalm of Life.

Chill.

Ill.

Pill.

Bill.

His Place.

"I want to get a hearing in this court," said the deaf plaintiff.

"Then," replied the worn-out magistrate, "you'll have to go to a specialist."

Quite So.

"Do you think you can get anything out of that handsome young fool at cards?"

"Oh, yes; I'll do the handsome thing."

Seeking a Mascot.

"What's in a name?"

"Nothing," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "If there was anything I'd put on a show and call it 'The Street Car.' Maybe it would play to standing room only."

No Argument.

"Do you ever argue with your wife?"

"Never," replied Mr. Meekton.

"When Henrietta is saying something interrupting her merely gives her a new topic on which to base a long and impressive discourse."

The Same Youth, Later.

Lovelorn Youth—Alas, mother, she has jilted me.

Fond Mother—Oh, my dear son; how could she tread on your affections?

L. L. Y.—Well, mother, I think it was because I stepped on her corn.

The Difficulty.

"They say they used to wear leopard skins as part of the uniform in the British army."

"I should think such uniforms would be too easily spotted."

Thoroughly Trained.

"Now, sir," said the captain of the club, "you understand we want a secretary who is thoroughly accustomed to managing men."

"In that case," said the applicant, nervously, "I'm afraid it's not me you want, but my wife."

No Harmony.

"I cannot understand why my Armenian costume at the ball seemed to have no effect."

"I know. The Turkish rug on the floor killed it."

BOY SCOUTS

CALL FOR SOLDIER LEADERS

Recognizing in the program of the Boy Scouts of America one of the greatest movements toward the making of good citizens, and training soldiers in their fundamental requirements, the war department of the United States has issued an official circular designed to assist in the present nationwide campaign to secure a large number of new scout leaders.

The circular is signed by Gen. Peyton C. March, chief of staff, by order of Secretary of War Baker, and carries the official stamp of Adj. Gen. P. C. Harris.

This is the highest official honor paid the Boy Scouts since congress granted the organization a federal charter on June 15, 1916, and in the same month, under section 125 of the army reorganization law, the Boy Scouts of America were given permission to wear uniforms similar to those worn by the men of the United States army.

The circular reads as follows: "SCOUTMASTERS FOR THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA:

"A request has been received by the war department from the chief of the Boy Scouts of America for assistance in the matter of obtaining the services of officers and enlisted men returning from overseas as scoutmasters.

"The attention of returning army officers and enlisted men who have the necessary qualifications is directed to the opportunity which the boy scouts affords for them to further serve their country after discharge.

"The war department is in full accord with the purposes of this movement and desires to assist. It is felt that the co-operation of a large number of officers and enlisted men who have seen service in France will inspire the boys with patriotism and a spirit of devotion to their country as nothing else can do.

"This circular will be brought to the attention of officers and men at demobilization camps."

BOY SCOUTS SAVE CRACOW.

The thrilling story of how the boy scouts of Cracow saved their city, Poland's most ancient and noblest center, was made public in Washington by Polish agents.

Although the famous boy scout movement brought invaluable aid to the allies, particularly in England, the records of the international organization bear no brighter or more courageous example of heroism than that of the Polish boys who shouldered rifles and guarded the ancient hearths of their fathers.

When the Austrian empire fell, the Austrian officials and soldiers in Cracow vanished at once. The city was left without leadership.

It was then that two scoutmasters, trained as officers, rallied the boy scouts. They were assigned to fixed posts and within a few hours were policing the city with a military precision and dash that soon checked all efforts at looting and lawlessness.

The boys guarded the public buildings, military depots and other points, including stores of high explosives which were sufficient to have wrecked the city should they have fallen into the hands of the reds.

THE SCOUT IS TRUSTWORTHY.

The quality of trustworthiness is the one that all business men are looking for in their help. If the boss tells a fellow to do something he wants to know that when the times comes the job will be done.

It is the fellow who is easy with his promises but short on his performances that causes more delay and disappointment and trouble generally than any other.

Money or property can be replaced or made good, but time—once gone is gone and there is no return possible. Scouts should be careful of their promises; make them carefully and keep them religiously.

DOINGS OF THE BOY SCOUTS.

Wilson McNair, a boy scout of Lewisburg, W. Va., rescued an eight-year-old boy from in front of a passenger train.

During a recent hike on Staten Island the scouts of Bayonne, N. J., discovered a forest fire about a quarter of a mile from the road. The whistle sounded for action and every scout was in a few minutes busy fighting the fire, which they soon extinguished.

The death knell has sounded for all prairie dogs living within five miles of Denver according to plans made by the boy scouts. They plan to poison the little animals and convert the fat into soap grease.

SCOUTS' PUBLIC INVESTITURE

A public investiture ceremony took place in Knoxville, Tenn. Twelve candles represent the twelve scout laws.

Each scout in turn lights his candle and repeats a law. Three candles in the center represent the three points of the scout oath. These are lighted by a deputy commissioner while all repeat the oath.

This service has been held four times on Sunday afternoons in a Knoxville theater, with increasing public interest.

Genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"

Always marked with "Bayer Cross"

For Pain
Headache
Toothache
Earache
Rheumatism
Lumbago



Colds
Grippe
Influenza
Colds
Stiff Neck
Joint Pains

Out of Pain To Comfort!
Proved Safe By Millions!

Adults—Take one or two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with water. If necessary, repeat dose three times a day, after meals.

Ask for and Insist Upon

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"

American owned—Entirely!

20 cent Bayer packages—also larger Bayer packages. Buy Bayer packages only—Get original package.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon.—Guesses at Truth.

To keep clean and healthy take Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Adv.

The thing that makes a bulldog famous is that he hangs on like grim death to the end.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

Life as It Is Liven.

The gentleman from the agricultural district had come to the city, and after disposing of several heavy set hogs at \$200 a throw, stopped in a cigar store. Never mind what the cigar store man said, but the gentleman from the agricultural district remonstrated thus: "Why, ye durn robber; 7 cents for a nickel seegar! Ya must think I got money to burn." Of course there is no particular moral connected herewith because the gentleman from the agricultural district started front doorward on a run.—Indianapolis News.

Monkeys Die of Flu.

Monkeys are the latest victims of the Spanish influenza scourge which has been sweeping the world, according to a letter received by a resident of Albany, Ore., from a relative who is a banker in a South African city. Thousands of monkeys have perished in the forests of South Africa from influenza, the letter declares. Moreover the plague is prevalent among the white and black population, with high mortality.

Fitting.

Hix—"I hear they're reflooring the country club garage." Dix—"With parquet, I suppose."—Cartoons Magazine.

Easily Done.

"How can you prove he is a man of loose habits?" "I can do it from the way he gets drunk."

Some society ladies are works of art.

AS YOUNG AS YOUR KIDNEYS

The secret of youth is ELIMINATION OF POISONS from your body. This done, you can live to be a hundred and enjoy the good things of life with as much "pep" as you did when in the springtime of youth. Keep your body in good condition, that's the secret.

Watch the kidneys. They filter and purify the blood, all of which blood passes through them once every three minutes. Keep them clean and in proper working condition and you have nothing to fear. Drive the poisonous wastes and deadly uric acid accumulations from your system. Take GOLD MEDAL Haariem Oil Capsules and you will always be in good condition. You will feel strong and vigorous, with steady nerves and elastic muscles. GOLD MEDAL Haariem Oil Capsules are imported direct from the laboratories at Haariem, Holland.

They are a reliable remedy which has been used by the sturdy Dutch for over 200 years, and has helped them to develop into one of the strongest and healthiest races of the world. Get them from your druggist. Do not take a substitute. In sealed packages—three sizes.—Adv.

Airplanes to Subdue Head Hunters.

The next Japanese budget of the governor general of Formosa will contain an item of \$91,500 for a flying corps to subdue the head-hunting aborigines of that island. Mr. Shimomura, chief of civil administration of Formosa, says: "Probably four airplanes will be used in the first year, and operations will be started as soon as the formal sanction of the diet is obtained. If it is difficult to secure the necessary aviators we shall ask the army to send their airmen. We may also ask the army to train new aviators specially to meet our requirements. There is nothing like airplanes for aving Formosan natives; experience shows that this weapon is one of the best for subjugating them. No economic exploitation of Ari, Dalu, Nitate and other 'unsubjugated' places can be undertaken until after the savage aborigines are subdued."

At the Zoo.

Bobby, aged 7, was making his first visit to the zoo. He looked around at the various animals, and coming to a cage marked "Female," he rushed up to his mother in great excitement.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I've always wanted to see a 'Female,' and here he is!"—Cartoons Magazine.

A married woman seldom goes on the lecture platform; she has an audience at home.

Dissatisfaction in the Quality or Price of Coffee

is easily remedied by changing your table drink to

THE ORIGINAL

POSTUM CEREAL

Boiled just like coffee—15 minutes after boiling begins—you are certain of uniform quality.

The price doesn't fluctuate from one month to the next.

And besides there's only one grade—the best. You get it in every package.

There's a greater reason however why you should drink Postum—HEALTH.

No upset to stomach, heart or nerves—the penalty many pay for coffee drinking—follows the use of Postum. It's a rich, healthful, invigorating drink, and—

"There's a Reason"

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THAT EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
ARE MADE IN CALIFORNIA?

Did you know

THAT HOTPOINT APPLIANCES
ARE MADE IN CALIFORNIA?

Sierra Madre Electric Company

G. I. FARMAN, Manager

Mother's Day

Our Special Mother's Day Bouquet
of Assorted Flowers

\$1.00 Each

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oversight it should continue a week
or two you will not be asked to pay.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE

The following article was prepared
by Prof. M. M. Whiting in his school
work and published by a local paper.
It is now several weeks old, as the
Victory Loan campaign has occupied
our space, but we publish it now, be-
lieving it to be correct with the possi-
ble exception of the Italian territory.

The map of the western nations of
Europe is about the same as before
the World War. The chief change is
Alsace-Lorraine which Germany loses
and France gains. This territory was
taken from France by Germany in
1871. But through middle and east-
ern Europe, from the Adriatic to the
Baltic Sea, all the nations are changed
and half a dozen new nations have
been created. Some time ago Fin-
land, Ukraine, and Siberia revolted
from Russia and set up independent
republics. The monarchy in Russia
has been overturned, the Czar being
assassinated, and it is hoped that a
good government will soon be estab-
lished. Rumania is enlarged to about
twice its former size, including ter-
ritory from Russia, Austria-Hungary,
and Bulgaria where the people are
chiefly Rumanian. Austria has shrunk
to about one-fourth its former size,
its territory going to Hungary, Cze-
cho-Slovakia, Italy, Rumania, and Po-
land.

October 26, 1918 should be consid-
ered one of the world's greatest days:
On that day in Independence Hall,

Philadelphia, met representatives of
eighteen different nationalities of
Central Europe to declare their in-
dependence of Germany and Austria
and to seek the aid of the Allies in
establishing new governments. They
met in the same hall, around the same
table, and sat in the same chairs that
our Revolutionary forefathers did.
They also had their "Liberty Bell"
with the inscription, "Proclaim Lib-
erty Throughout the World, and Unto
the Inhabitants Thereof."—Our com-
mittee represented 3,000,000 people,
this committee represented 60,000,000
people.

The Peace Commission has encour-
aged these new nations to organize
along the lines of their ancient bound-
aries and with people having the
same race, language, and religion.

For more than a century before the
World War, three Slav peoples, the
Poles, Czechoslovaks, and the Jugo-
Slavs have been condemned to Ger-
man and Austrian rule. When Ger-
many and Austria attacked the West-
ern powers, they were to make use
of the man power and the industrial
power of more than 30,000,000 of
these subject peoples.

Each one of these nationalities has
an independent history of its own in
some fashion. Poland, Jugo-Slavia,
Rumania, and Italy, each have an
area of about 110,000 square miles,
about the size of one of our medium-
sized states.

Poland lies along the Baltic Sea be-
tween Russia and Germany. It has
a population of 30,000,000, three-
fourths of whom are Poles. They
stand among the highest peoples of
Europe in art, science, industry and
education. Their soil is fertile and
well tilled. They have great mineral
wealth. Warsaw is the capital. Lem-
berg is one of several large cities.
Neither France nor Belgium suffered
more in the Great War than Poland.

The United States sent Paderewski,
the great musician, who lives in
America, to help organize the Poles.
He succeeded marvelously. He is now
Premier of Poland and seems as great
a statesman as musician. America is
thus paying a debt that goes
back to the Revolutionary War.

The Czechs and Slovaks had a glori-
ous history previous to their oppres-
sion by Germany and Austria. During
the late war, they deserted from the
armies of the Central Powers by the
100,000 to join the armies of the Al-
lies, so as to fight their oppressors.
The Czechs are the most intelligent,
wealthiest, and best educated people
in Europe. Their capital is Prague,
where the famous University of Pra-
gue is. This comprises the Bohemians
whose Slav name is Czech, the Mo-
ravians and the Slovaks. Its area is
about 40,000 square miles and its po-
pulation 14,000,000. It has no coast.

South of Poland and Czechosla-
vakia is the new republic of Hungary.
It seceded from Austria. Its capital
is Budapest. The Danube Valley af-
fords Hungary much valuable farm
land.

South of Hungary and lying just
inland from the Adriatic Sea is Jugo-
Slavia, Southern Slavia. It is com-
posed of half a dozen small Slav na-
tionalities, the leading one being Ser-
bia. This nation is a limited mon-
archy. Belgrade is its capital and Peter
Petrovitch, King of Serbia is its rul-

er. It has a population of 12,000,000.
Italy gains territory on the north
and east from Austria.

The Rumanians of Rumania, Rus-
sia, Austria-Hungary, and Bulgaria,
have organized themselves into a na-
tion. It lies east of the Black Sea,
has an area of 110,000 square miles
and a population of 15,000,000. The
Rumanians originated as an ancient
Roman colony. They are proud of
their ancestry. The capital is Bu-
karest.

Russia seemed to enter heartily into
the war in 1914, but after two years
the Germans induced the Russian peo-
ple to revolt against the Czar and
make a separate peace. The Russian
people tried to organize a republic.
The first government was overthrown
by the Bolsheviks, who still have some
control. Russia's dependency in Asia
has seceded and formed a republic as
has Finland and Ukraine.

The surface of these countries in
Southern Europe is hilly and mount-
ainous except in the Danube and other
river valleys. The surface of Ukra-
nia, Poland and Finland is level.

BUY A VICTORY BOND

Where wooden crosses lonely stand,
Placed there by comrades true,
Our soldiers lie in No Man's Land,
Underneath the sod and dew.

Out beneath the tossing billows,
The sailor boys lie sleeping,
There with sea-weed for their pillows
The waves their secrets keeping.

Those boys are now beyond our aid,
They've reached their peaceful rest;
They went so grandly to the grave,
Each boy has done his best.

And now for a memorial,
To boys that are beyond,
Who served us more than we can tell
Come buy a Victory Bond.

—Viola E. Fennel.

AT THE CHURCHES

Congregational "A Community Church" Chas. C. Wilson, Minister Mother's Day

9:45 a. m. Church school.
11 a. m. Morning worship, commu-
nion, reception of new members and
sermon, "Woman's Place in the New
World." 8:00 p. m. A service of story
and song. Ian MacLaren's "His Mother's
Sermon," orchestra, choir and
solos, including "Mother Machree," by
Helen Sadler.

Wednesday, 8 p. m. Church night
meeting, conducted by Mr. Newman
Essick, with a discussion on "Relig-
ious Education." Strangers welcomed.

The Auxilliary of the Congregation-
al church has postponed its monthly
meeting from Tuesday, May 13th to
Friday the 16th, on account of the
conference at Whittier, May 12-13-14.

The Ladies Aid society will hold a
cook food sale Saturday beginning at
10 a. m. in the vacant store room next
to the Sander drug store.

Bethany

Rev. H. J. Baldwin, Pastor

Sunday services: Sunday school at
9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and
7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday
7:30 p. m.

Sermon for Little Men and Women,
"Shepherd and Sheep." Morning ser-
mon "The First Christian Church." Evening
sermon "Our Wonderful Savior." Regular
monthly song service.

This will be the last Sunday service
conducted here by the pastor as he
leaves next week for his new field,
the Emmanuel Presbyterian church at
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra
Madre holds services in the Woman's
Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.

Subject "Adam and Fallen Man."
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8
o'clock p. m.

Church of the Ascension

Rev. William Carson Shaw, Rector
Holy communion 8 a. m.; Sunday
school, 9:45 a. m.; Morning prayer
and sermon, 11 a. m.; Evening prayer,
7:30 p. m.

At the evening service, the rector
is giving a series of addresses on the
teaching of the Church, in prepara-
tion for Confirmation. All who are in-
terested are cordially invited to at-
tend.

The bishop of the diocese, The Rt.
Reverend Joseph H. Johnson, D. D.,
will visit the parish on Ascension Day
May 29th, for the purpose of adminis-
tering the Apostolic Rite of Confirma-
tion.

The kindergarten system for the in-
fant class has been established in the
Sunday school and any parents who
desire to send their children are cor-
dially invited to do so.

A Sunday school choir under the
special direction of Mrs. Robert
Mitchell has been organized, and in
time are to be fully vested, and will
on Whit Sunday render for the first
time a full choral Eucharistic service.

ADDITIONAL "V" BOND BUYERS

Last week the News published a
complete list of Sierra Madre Victory
Liberty Loan buyers up to the time
of going to press. There were 233
names. Below we give the names of
subsequent subscribers, some of them
repeated from last week because they
subscribed again, and next week we
will complete the list by giving the
names of those who subscribe before
the lists at headquarters are closed.

Beck, William
Blumer, Mrs. Julia Edith
Bockman, Ernest
Browning, D. M.
Burns, T. J.
Carter, Martin G.
Caskey, Greer
Catlin, Mrs. I. Ray
Cumbers, Mrs. C. W.
Curtis, F. A. D.
Cutter, Mrs. Nellie G.
Davenes, Harold
Davis, J. K.
Decker, Miss Ella M.
Decker, Miss Marion M. (second
subscription)
Dickinson, Mrs. Mary J.
Downs, Mrs. M. O.
Evans, Willard A.
Farman, W. E. (second subscrip-
tion)

Fegers, H. M.
Flather, Florence M. Mrs.
Furneaux, Harvey
Gilson, Mr. and Mrs. Luther
Graham, Miss T. H.
Harriman, Mrs. C. W.
Hart, Harold W.
Hart, Karl W.
Hill, Hortense C. Mrs.
Johnson, Arthur, Sr.
Johnson, Arthur, Jr.
Johnson, Sue E. Mrs.
Jordett, O. K.
Karicofe, Mary M. Mrs.
Karicofe, Margaret Lee
Karicofe, Kathryn Lee
Karicofe, Robert Lee
Kelley, George L.
Kersting, Chas. S.
Leete, A. P.
Mason, J. T.
Miller, E. A.
Mitchell, Lt. George G.
Munsell, Miss Ida E.
North, Mrs. Mary
North, Miss Rachel M.
North, Miss Therza
Pegler, Mrs. Mary
Powell, Miss Emily
Robinson, Mrs. Sarah E.
Robinson, Walter B.
Stone, Claude
Stone, Mrs. Grace
Thorniley, Miss Frances E.
Ulrich, Miss Portia M.
Ward Mrs. Irving N.
Ward, Miss Marguerite C.
Webster, Miss Lydia M. (second
subscription)
Whiting, J. F. (second subscrip-
tion)
Wright, Wm. A.
Yerxa, Ernest L. (second subscrip-
tion)

WORK FOR SIERRA MADRE

Now that the various public activi-
ties that have kept us all busy for the
few weeks last past, are finished, let's
get together and all work for Sierra
Madre.

There may be different opinions and
personal differences, but we can
all get together for the good of the
city, so let's take one thing at a time
and all pull together till we get it,
then tackle something else and put it
through.

Among the suggestions that have
been offered are: Picture show, hotel,
street repairs, boulevard signs, street
signs, and comfort stations.

Let's talk it over, get together on
some one thing and then push it
through.

TRANSPORTATION LINE SOLD

John Boyd and sons have sold their
horses, mules, burros and equipment
to N. H. Lambert and Andrew Wil-
liams, which closes chapter four and
opens chapter five of the burro history
of Sierra Madre.

Mr. Lambert comes here from Bis-
hop, where he has resided for a couple
of years, but prior to that time was
a resident of the valley below us, so it
seems to him like coming home.

Mr. Wilson, the junior member of
the firm has been with the Boyds for
some time and is thoroughly familiar
with all details of the business and
has a local reputation for the dexter-
ity with which he ties the diamond
hitch.

The firm will be known as Lambert
& Williams and will continue the
Boyd's advertising policy by keeping
their card in the News.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of
the Board of Trade which was post-
poned from last Monday night to last
night, was turned over to the Band
Benefit lecture which was given by
the Board of Trade.

Let's finish the job—buy a Victory
Liberty Loan Bond.

Grocery Phone Main 6 Market Phone Main 97

The Central Market

M. D. WELSHER, Grocer
FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES, GROCERIES

Big Home Cooked Food Sale, Saturday, May 17th by the Ladies
of the St. Rita Society.

We are pleased to announce a Big Cracker and Cookie Demon-
stration by the Pacific Coast Cracker Co. for the same date,
Saturday, May 17th. This is a California concern.

We want you to see our dried fruit display Saturday
Dried Prunes, Peaches peeled, Apricots peeled, White
and Black Figs, Belfleur Apples, Nectarines, Pears
and Silver Prunes—the new white prune.

SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY ONLY

SPINACH, 2 for 5 cents. ASPARAGUS 10c per pound.
TURNIPS, CARROTS, BEETS, 3 bunches for 10 cents.
STRING BEANS (war or green) 15 cents per pound.
ARTICHOKES, 2 for 15 cents. LETTUCE, 3 large heads 5 cents.
RHUBARB, 2 pds for 15c. BURBANK SPUDS, 7 lbs. for 25 cents.

Are you still taking a chance? This is a Sanitary Store—Look
for yourself.

W. F. HATFIELD THE OLD RELIABLE Realty and Insurance Broker

Still Doing Business at the Old Stand

REPRESENTING

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company

Writing Insurance For
Life, Sickness, or Accident, Single and Combination Policies for Men
and Women
Fire and Automobile Insurance. Employers Liability Insurance
W. F. HATFIELD
Commissioned Notary Public. 144 North Mountain Trail

Burro Transportation

Strong, Reliable and Gentle Horses,
Mules and Burros, for Rent by Trip,
Day, Week or Month. Rates reason-
able. :: :: ::

Lambert & Williams

Successors to

JOHN BOYD & SONS

MOUNT LOWE

6100 Feet in Skyland

MOST SCENIC MOUNTAIN
TROLLEY TRIP in the WORLD

Fare \$2.00



You can't afford to miss our

Southland's Greatest Scenic Novelty

FIVE TRAINS DAILY

8, 9, 10 A.M., 1:30 and 4 P.M.

Pacific Electric Railway

G. E. MESEAR, SIERRA MADRE AGENT
Phone Red 38

A Forced Sale

—OF—

Residence Lots at Half Value

\$125.00 Per Lot and Up

A non-resident client has ordered us to sell FIFTEEN FINE
LOTS between Highland and Grand View, and Lima and Grove
at PRICES FROM \$125 up, according to location. Lots owned
by other parties in this block are held at \$750. These lots
are beautiful building lots and have been held at about double
the price at which they are now offered. Pressing need of
money is the reason.

We recommend this as a splendid investment and one of
the greatest bargains we have ever offered the public, and
confidently believe these lots may be resold at a FIFTY PER
CENT PROFIT.

Street improvements are all in on Highland, Lima and
Grand View. Consult us now and get first choice of these bar-
gains.

Andrews & Hawks

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS

EXCHANGE PHONE 2

SIERRA MADRE, CAL.

Chase & Sanborn's Famous India and Ceylon Tea

ORANGE PEKOE—Choice qualities, perfectly blended, unsurpassed for richness and volume of flavor. In half-pound screw-top canister40c

SPECIALS FOR SATURDAY ONLY—

PINK SALMON, the can.....	13c
OATFLAKES, 2 pounds for.....	15c
PRESERVED FIGS, 1 lb. jar.....	21c
GRAHAM WAFERS, pound.....	19c
GINGER SNAPS, pound.....	19c

"Cash Beats Credit"

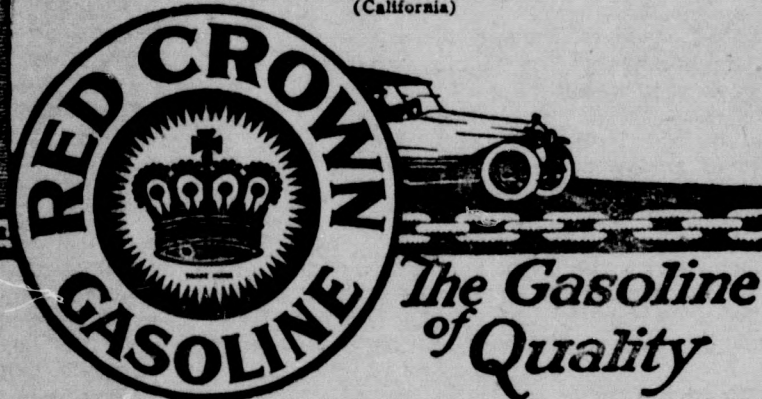
Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

Look for the sign

The Red Crown sign signals satisfaction. It stands for straight-distilled, all-refinery gasoline—high quality—every drop! Look for the Red Crown sign before you fill.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(California)



GROVER C. COLEMAN, Special Agent, Standard Oil Company,
Monrovia, California

Proper Clothes for Men Who Care

Perkins & Leddy will assure you of dependable materials and tailoring. Dominant, forceful styles without exaggeration—workmanship that is careful to the last degree, patterns that meet the most exacting taste.

Season after season these clothes are chosen by well dressed men who have learned by experience to trust our judgment.

\$25.00 TO \$50.00

We have haberdashery to harmonize with these suits—ties, gloves, shirts, and everything else to make you look your best.

Perkins & Leddy

The Home of Good Clothes

16 EAST COLORADO

PASADENA, CALIF.



Lowest Priced and Lightest Weight Six-Cylinder Motor Car Built

—This stands for Economy—More Miles on Gasoline, Oil and Tires, coupled with freedom from Repairs and Ease of Operation are factors in creating the present demand for

Oakland Sensible Six Cars

\$1275 Delivered in Sierra Madre

Sierra Madre Garage

PHONE MAIN 110

37-45 W. Central Ave.

LOCAL ITEMS

"They're still on the Rhine. Invest in the Victory Loan."

Andrew Olsen is building a storage barn for his feed business.

"It's a debt of honor—Invest in the Victory Loan."

Sierra Madre is to have a Tag Day for the benefit of the fatherless children of France, Saturday, May 24th.

Aaron Shapiro and family have moved back to their home in Los Angeles.

Miss Nina Kellogg and two other professional whistlers are doing a turn at Grauman's Theatre in Los Angeles, this week.

Mrs. Emma Rising, of Long Beach, came up Tuesday for a two weeks stay with Miss Annie Greene, 161 East Montecito.

Miss Henriette R. Ulrich is building an addition to her home at 234 Santa Anita Court, and otherwise improving the property.

Mrs. James Baynes, of Chicago, visited her friend, Mrs. Frank Johnson, of 65 South Baldwin avenue, this week.

Mrs. J. E. Ferry is telling everybody about a little grandson that the stork brought to the home of her son, Charles, at Pasadena, Tuesday of last week.

Allen T. Gay returned from a fishing trip to Big Bear Lake last Friday. He says the fishing is fine and that he was the temporary champion fisherman of the lake.

Lieut. Sterling N. Pierce of the Navy, enroute from Cuba to New York, visited relatives, Mrs. E. T. Pierce and Mrs. V. P. Maull and daughter, Katherine, 689 West Central, last week.

Mrs. John S. Hair and J. W. Hair have bought a cabin at Sierra Madre Park canyon and will spend their week ends there with their families. —Long Beach Press.

Mr. Taylor recently moved to Sierra Madre from Los Angeles for the health of the members of his family, and is supporting them by sharpening scissors, knives, etc., and we can testify that he makes 'em sharp. Phone Pettitt's News Stand, Green 85.

The Dickens Fellowship club will be entertained with a one o'clock luncheon on Wednesday, May 14, at the home of Mrs. C. C. Montgomery, 847 South Madison Ave., Pasadena. All intending to attend please notify Mrs. Maull.

W. W. Felgate, president of the Pasadena Horticultural society, has been busy all week superintending the third annual rose show, which occurred at Hotel Maryland Wednesday and Thursday. It was a big success with an unusually large attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Hawkhurst chaperoned a hiking party up the arroyo seco for the week end last Saturday. Miss Ellen Preston and Arthur Evans of this place, and Miss Gertrude Miller and Donald White of Pasadena completed the party.

Dr. Krebs has sold his beautiful home place and purchased residence property in Pasadena and will become a fellow citizen of Dr. Mackerras, who moved there some weeks ago. What are we going to do for a night doctor?

H. J. Klemme and family left Tuesday for their summer home at Belmond, Iowa. They will return to their home here next fall as usual. The News will visit them each week during their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Short and children, are visiting Mrs. Short's sister, Mrs. A. J. Karger. They drove in from near Weldon, in the Kern River country, where Mr. Short has a ranch. They are very enthusiastic about the future of that country, but admit it is lonesome out there just now.

Say, kiddies! Come here, listen! Mr. Pettitt's adv. says he will give away free for nothing, an ice cream cone to every kid at his News stand, tomorrow. Of course he does it to get the trade of your father and mother—but what do you care if it is an—adv.

If you do not read all of the ads. in the News, you are missing something. Our business men carefully prepare their messages to you and in many instances offer you a real saving. The News will vouch for the truthfulness of every advertisement in its columns and we will "make good" or refund on any transaction where a misrepresentation has been made in this paper.

"Win your Fifth service stripe. Invest in the Victory Loan."

"Pay your debt to Pershing's men. Invest in the Victory Loan."

Last Sunday evening a movement was started to repair, paint and decorate the Congregational church. It is hoped to make the building more of an asset to the town.

Gustaf Janson, formerly of this place, just returned from service over seas, was visiting old friends in Sierra Madre Monday.

Mrs. S. Q. Croxson entertained Wednesday afternoon with a delightful little party in honor of the birthday anniversaries of her children, Louise and Billy. The table was decorated in pink and held a large birthday cake at each end. Those who enjoyed this gay festival were Emma Jean Wagoner, Lenora Graham, Sara Schwartz, Nancy Dickenson, Lois Brooks, Cynthia Hull, Louise Croxson, Edward Daily, Sammie Schwartz, Howard Spears and Billy Croxson.

Dr. Edwards, of the Nature Study club, of Los Angeles, headed the annual excursion to the Sierra Madre hills last Saturday. Twenty P. E. extra cars brought the party out to the end of the line, where it scattered up the various canyons—all but a few "invalids" who preferred to stay in the cars and pound the gongs. About 2000 were in the party and the noise they made going home would indicate that they had a fine time. Bring 'em again next year doctor. You're always welcome.

NEWS WANTED LINERS

WANTED — Woman for general housework. Apply 38 Auburn avenue. Mrs. Gerson.

PIANO BARGAINS — Steinway upright piano, small model \$195. Weber Pianola Player Piano with 75 rolls of music and bench \$400. Knabe Player Piano, bench and cabinet containing 137 rolls of music was \$1,575 now \$585. Kimball upright piano \$350. Kimball Baby Grand piano was \$1,275 now \$675. Little 88 note Player Piano was \$650 now \$350. Kurtzman Upright piano was \$450 now \$250.00. Kranich & Bach upright piano \$195. Chickering upright piano \$180. The above lot are all used pianos, fully guaranteed. Terms to suit your purse. Platt Music Co., 622 South Broadway, Los Angeles. Write or phone for our complete list. 32

TELEPHONE OPERATORS WANTED—Girls from 18 to 25. Good salary. Pay while learning. Call Chief Operator, Main 120. Sierra Madre Telephone & Telegraph Co. 32c

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room for healthy people, 258 E. Central.

FOR SALE—Chickens and ducks, young and old; also laying ducks, by pens, quackless and Pekins. Chas. Brunson, 38 Auburn. Phone Black 68.

MONROVIA DAY, MAY 17

"Music hath charms" must certainly be the belief of the Committee in charge of the big celebration in Monrovia, May 17th for the returned soldiers and sailors of the San Gabriel Valley.

There will be four bands in the big parade in the morning, two Monrovia bands, one from Glendora and the crack military band from the Balloon School at Arcadia.

There will be "music while you eat" your basket-picnic luncheon in the beautiful Monrovia Canyon Park.

There will be community singing in the afternoon under the compelling leadership of Captain C. H. Stone of Los Angeles.

And at night in addition to the band music, there will be a twelve-piece jazz orchestra for the street dance and carnival.

Those in charge of the day are making strenuous efforts to reach every returned soldier and sailor in the valley and invite him, but as it is quite impossible to reach every one of them personally the Committee takes this means of notifying them that Monrovia wants every service man in the valley to be her guest on Saturday, May 17th.

The Kaiser, Hindenburg, Ludenoff the Terrible Turk and all their friends will be shown in the comic section of the parade, and what will happen to them will be a plenty.

Liberal cash prizes are to be awarded to the best decorated and most unique floats, and prizes of cash or merchandise will go to the winners in the various sports. Sports will be in charge of C. H. Price, who has spent most of his life in directing athletics, so a program full of interest for both spectators and participants is assured.

"Invest—and finish the job."

Saturday Specials in Groceries

BLUE COAT SWEET CORN
2 Big Cans for 35c

BISHOP'S PETITE WAFERS
16c per package

C. M. Nomura

Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

IT'S TRUE ECONOMY

To buy drugs and like preparations at our store for the reasons—you're certain of freshness, of full quantity and high quality. Prices are always consistently low.

Christopher's Ice Cream

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H. HARTMAN & SON

25 N. BALDWIN AVE.

PHONE BLACK 25

TRADE AT HOME

And let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Decorating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

SHOES

for
All Occasions

Fred T. Huggins

33 E. Colorado St.

Pasadena, Cal.

DIRECT FROM GERMANY

The following letter from Lieut. Charles L. Camp, dated at Vielbach, Germany, April 6 will be read with interest by his many friends here. There is a volume of news in what the Lieut. does not say, but leaves to the imagination.

B. Co., 18th Inf.,

Vielbach, Germany, April 6, 1919.

Dear Folks:—After serving a short time in charge of a small detachment at 1st Bn. of the 7th, they have sent me over here to the 18th Inf. for a month to learn dough-methods of warfare.

I have put in for immediate separation from the army—just how immediate it will be is hard to tell, but I hope to be home before July. Only one officer has left our regiment for home. He went yesterday.

I am giving a "required" course of lectures to the men of this regiment. U. S. History 1st week; History of First Division (2nd week); U. S. in War (3rd week); France and England in War (4th week); Smaller Allies (5th week); and Causes of German Defeat (6th week). I was detailed on the job and thought it would seem rather strange and difficult to talk to 1800 men at a time, 15 minutes each morning for five or six weeks. I have finished the first week and everything is going along all right.

At a division review two weeks ago they generously awarded me a croix-de-guerre (French war cross with gold star) for services in the Argonne. Of course I was glad to get this for it is an honor. A good many men and officers of the division have been decorated. Those who most deserve the decorations are, however, mostly underground.

I am sorry that you never received the "souvenirs"—helmet and cross. I had picked the helmet out of a pile of brand new ones we ran into among the storehouses at St. Mihiel. The cross I found on the floor of a dug-out in the Argonne. As it was neces-

sary to label everything we sent home the two were doubtless taken from the mail. I will get you an iron cross here and send it so you can see what the other one was like.

I have a lot of old maps and pictures, etc., that I saved out of the debris of many battlefields. I will send these as time goes on.

CHAS.

BAND BOYS BENEFIT

The lecture at the Woman's Club house last night by Chester Versteeg, was enjoyed by a record-breaking crowd, with standing room at a premium.

Mr. Versteeg is an interesting speaker and with his colored screen pictures took his audience up and down, over and across "the High Sierras of California" with a rapidity that would have made a hiker quit in despair.

The stereopticon pictures were photographed in natural colors alone worth the price of admission without the rest of the entertainment. It was a month's study for the nature lover, given in an hour.

After the lecture, dancing was indulged in, the music furnished by the Sierra Madre band, for whose benefit the entertainment was given. The ticket sale was \$68.00.

"QUI S'EXCUSE—S'ACCUSE"

Poor Excuse No. 1

"I'm exhausted with war work." So were the boys who fought. But they didn't stop. They weren't quitters. And theirs was real war work.

Poor Excuse No. 2

"I understand some of the money of the Loan is to pay contracts for munitions we never used. I don't like to pay for dead horses."

You are the man who would have the tailor make a suit of winter clothes to your measure and then refuse to pay for it because the weather turned unexpectedly warmer.

The RIVER

By
EDNAH AIKEN

When the Colorado
Burst Its Banks and
Flooded the Imperial
Valley of California

(Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company)

WITH HARDIN GONE, HIS AIDS DISORGANIZED, WHAT
WILL RICKARD SAY? INNES ACTS TO SAVE
HER BROTHER'S FACE.

Synopsis.—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific, is sent by President Marshall to stop the ravages of the Colorado river in the Imperial valley, a task at which Thomas Hardin, head of the Desert Reclamation company, has failed. Rickard foresees embarrassment because he knows Hardin, who was a student under him in an eastern college, married Gerty Holmes, with whom Rickard once thought himself in love. At the company offices at Calexico Rickard finds the engineers loyal to Hardin and hostile to him. He meets Mr. and Mrs. Hardin and Innes Hardin, the former's half sister. Innes is bitter against Rickard for supplanting her brother. Hardin discovers that Rickard is planning a levee to protect Calexico and puts him down as incompetent. Gerty thinks her husband jealous. Gerty invites Rickard to dinner and there plans a "progressive ride" in his honor. Rickard pushes work on the levee and is ordered by Marshall to "take a fighting chance" on the completion of Hardin's pet project, a gate to shut the break in the river. In the midst of Gerty Hardin's progressive ride, which is begun despite a terrific wind and dust storm, word comes that the river is raging and every man is wanted on the levee.

CHAPTER XV.

On the Levee.

Hardin did not go home that night. He was feeling to the quick the irony of his position; his duty now to protect the levee he'd ridiculed; now the only hope of the towns! The integrity of the man never faltered, though his thoughts ran wild. Like the relentless hounds of Actaeon, they pursued him, barking at his vanity.

He started the anxious ranchers at sacking sand. Bodefeldt ran up to tell him that there was a hill of filled sacks over in Mexicali. "Rickard had a bunch of Indians working for a week."

The confusion of the shy fellow did not escape Hardin. Oh, he knew what Bodefeldt was thinking, what every one was saying! They were all laughing at him. The coincidence of this extraordinary flood had upheld Rickard's wild guess, halved his judgment. It was all a piece of his infernal luck. Sickenings, that's what it was! His orders scattered. He ran up and down the levee, giving orders; recalling them when he found he was repeating Rickard's.

This new humiliation, coming on the heels of the dredge fiasco, put him in execrable temper. He shouted his orders over the noises of the night. He rated the men, bullied them. No one did anything right! Lord, what he had to put up with! The other men, the ranchers and engineers, saw in his excitement certainty of the valley's doom.

The wind and the darkness contributed to the confusion. Eager shovels were tossing up earth before anyone could tell where the danger point would be. The water was not yet high enough to determine the place of battle. Sacked sand was being brought over from Mexicali. Fifty pair of hands made short work of Rickard's "hill." Lanterns were flashing through the darkness like restless fireflies. The wind and rushing water deadened the sound of the voices. It was a battle of giants against pygmies. In the darkness, the giants threatened to conquer.

At three in the morning, a horseman rode in from Fasset's, one of the ranches to the north, cut by the New river.

"The river is cutting back," he called through the din, "cutting back toward the towns."

A turn in the gorge, a careless dump-pit had pulled the river like a mad horse back on its haunches. It was kicking back.

"They are short-handed up there. They need help."

"Dynamite," cried Silent and Hardin antiphonally. They happened to be standing near.

"We must have dynamite," bawled Hardin. "Are the wires down between here and Brawley? We must get a wire somehow to Los Angeles, to rush it down here this morning."

"It's here. There is a carload on the siding," yelled Silent.

Hardin did not need to ask by whose orders it was there. An angry scowl spoiled his face.

"Put some on the machine," he was turning away.

Silent called after him. Did Mr. Hardin think it was safe? There was no road between the towns and Fasset's. The night, the explosive—should they not wait till morning? The question threw his late chief into a rage.

"Did I ask you to take it?" It was the opening for his fury. "Safe! Will the towns be safe if the river cuts back here? The channel has got to be widened, and you talk of your own precious skin! Wait till I ask you to take it. Get out the machine. I'll take it to Fasset's myself."

Silent left the levee, smarting. He backed the machine out of the shed and sped through the darkness toward Mexicali, where the car of explosives was isolated.

Hardin, buttoned up to the ears, his soft hat pulled tight over his forehead, was waiting impatiently. Here was something to be done; he coveted the activity

"I thought you were never coming," he grumbled.

"Let me take it!" pleaded the engineer.

"Nonsense, there is no danger," Hardin saw personal affection in the plea. He put his hand affectionately on the man's shoulder.

"You go home and catch a nap; this is my job." He was standing on the step. "Crank her."

There was nothing for Silent to do but to get out. Hardin pointed the long nose of the car into the darkness. She was off like the greyhound she suggested, missing a telegraph pole by half an inch.

"Who is in charge here?" a woman's voice was piercing the racket of wind and wave.

The dawn was breaking. Down the New river he could see the wind whip-

ping the water into whitecapped fury. "Vicious," he muttered. "Those heavy waves play the Old Harry with the levee."

"Where is my brother?"

"Miss Hardin!" cried Silent.

"Where is he?" demanded Innes. Her hair streamed away from her face. Her cheeks were blanched. Her yellow eyes, peering into the dusk, looked owl-like. Her wind-spunked skirts clung to her limbs. To Silent she looked boyish, as though clipped and trussed.

"Where is my brother?" she repeated.

Silent told her without reservations where he had gone and why. There was no feminine foolishness about that sister of Hardin's. A chip of the old block. Funny, the men all thought of her as Hardin's daughter on account of the difference of age. As to a comrade, proudly, he bragged of the taking of the dynamite over that roadless waste.

"Whom did he leave in his place?"

Silent knew, only, that he himself was not in charge! Hardin had ordered him to bed.

"Maybe Mr. Estrada?" she hazarded.

"He is not here, he went down the road to look after the track. Hardin went off in such a hurry, I guess he told nobody," chuckled the engineer, still glowing.

"Then I'm it!" cried Innes Hardin.

"Will you take my orders, Silent?"

"Sure," he chuckled again.

Through the rush of the wind and water came the whistle of a locomotive.

"A special!" cried Silent. Hardin's sister and his friend looked at each other, the same thought in mind: Rickard, in from the Heading!

On her face Silent saw the same spectacular impulse which had flashed over Hardin's features a short time before.

She put her hand on his arm. "Silent, you're his friend. Straighten this out. We can't have him come back—spying—and find this!" She waved her hand toward the disorganized groups.

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

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"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"I'd take more orders," suggested the engineer.

"Then send a third of them home, tell them to come back tonight at six. Send away the other third, tell them to come back at noon. Keep the other shift. Say you'll have coffee sent from the hotel, tell them Hardin says to stop wasting stuff. Tell them, oh, tell them anything you can think of, Silent, before he comes." Her breakdown was girlish.

She could hear the signal of the locomotive; coming closer. Then she could hear the pant of the engine as it worked up the grade. It was a steady gentle climb all the way from the junction, two hundred feet below seal level, to the towns resting at the level of the sea. It quickened her thought of the power of the river. Nothing between it and the tracks at Salton. Nothing to stop its flow into that spectacular new sea whose basin did not need a drop of the precious misguided flow. She could hear the bells; now the train was coming into the station; she would not wait for Silent. She did not want to meet Rickard.

No one saw her as she left the levee. She passed Silent, who was issuing orders. She heard him say, "The boss says so."

She took the road by the railroad sheds, to avoid the dismissed shifts, moving toward. At full speed, she collided with a man, rounding the sheds' corner. It was Rickard. Her veil had slipped to her shoulders and he saw her face.

"Miss Hardin!" he exclaimed.

"Whatever are you doing here?"

"I was looking for my brother."

"You ought not to be out at night alone here."

"It's morning!"

"With every Indian in the country coming in. I'll send Parrish with you."

She recognized Parrish behind him. She tried to tell him that she knew every Indian in Mexicali, every Mexican in the twin towns, but he would not listen to her. "I'm not going to let you go home alone."

She blinked rebellion at the supplanter of her brother. But she found herself following Parrish. She took a deep pride in her independence, her fearlessness. Tom let her go where she liked. She had an impulse to dismiss Parrish; every man was needed, but he would obey Rickard's orders. MacLean had told her that! "They don't like him, but they mind him!"

Rickard made his way down to the levee. "Where is Hardin?" he asked of every one he met. Silent came up to explain that Hardin had gone up to Fasset's just a few minutes ago to carry dynamite. The river was cutting back there. "Good," cried Rickard, "that's bully!"

"He left me in charge," glibly lied the friend of Hardin. "Any orders, sir?"

"Things are going all right?" began the manager. He stopped. From above came a dull roar.

"Dynamite!" cried Rickard.

The friend of Hardin had nothing to say. "I thought you said he went only a few minutes ago?" demanded his chief.

There was another detonation. Down the river came the booming of the second charge.

"That's dynamite for sure," evaded Silent.

"Not a minute too soon!" declared Rickard, going back to his inspection.

CHAPTER XVI.

Rickard in Town.

The town woke to a matter-of-fact day. The sensational aspect of the runaway river had passed with the night. The word spread that the flood waters were under control; that the men had gone home to sleep, so the women got breakfast as usual, and tidied their homes. The Colorado was always breaking out, like a naughty child from school. Never would the cry of "The river!" fall to drag the blood from their cheeks. But relief always came; and these pioneer women had acquired the habit of swift reaction.

That afternoon, Mrs. Youngberg was to entertain at the A B C ranch the ladies of the Improvement club. It was a self-organization meeting, to celebrate the planting of trees in the streets of Calexico, and to plan the campaign of their planting. Mrs. Blinn drove into town to get Gerty Hardin. Neither woman had seen her husband since the interrupted drive the night before.

"I don't know whether I should go," Mrs. Hardin hesitated, her face turned toward the A B C ranch. "Perhaps there is something we could do."

"I have just come from the levee," Mrs. Blinn's jolly face had lost its apprehension. "The water has not risen an inch since breakfast. Most of the men have been sent home. When Howard didn't come home to lunch, I grew anxious. But Mr. Rickard says he sent him to Fasset's with more dynamite."

"There he is," thrilled Gerty.

Mrs. Blinn's eye swept the street.

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"Where? Your husband?"

"No, Mr. Rickard. Passing the bank. There, he's stopped. I wonder if he is going in? You call him, Mrs. Blinn."

Obediently her friend hailed Rickard. He turned back to the windy street. He felt boyish; the crisis was giving him mercurial feet. He loved the modern battle. Elements to pit one's brains against, wits against force!

Gerty Hardin's face was flushing and paling. "The river," she faltered. "Should we be alarmed, Mr. Rickard?"

Smiling, he assured her she should not be alarmed; the levees would protect the towns.

"Mr. Hardin is up at Fasset's ranch, he will be coming back today. I told your husband, Mrs. Blinn, to catch a nap and then relieve Mr. Hardin."

Gerty found a significance in his words. He had said "Mr. Hardin," and "your husband, Mrs. Blinn." It was enough to weave dreams around.

"We can't do anything, Mr. Rickard, to help?" urged Gerty Hardin, her voice tremulous.

"I hope we won't have to call on you at all."

There was no excuse to linger. Gerty threw a wistful little smile at parting.

CHAPTER XVII.

Opposition.

The second night of the flood, the women of the towns dragged brush and filled sacks for the men to carry. It was past midnight when Innes Hardin left the levee. While her feet and fingers had toiled, her mind had been fretting over Tom. Two nights, and no rest! It was told by men who came down the river how Hardin was heroically laboring. She yearned to go to him; perhaps he would stop for a few hours to her entreaty. But an uncertain trail across country, with the dust-laden wind in her face? She decided to wait for the dawn. A snatched sleep first, but who would call her? She would sleep for hours, so weary every muscle. Her mind fixed on Sam as the only man in town who had time to saddle a horse for a woman.

She went in search of him. She found that the long adobe office building had already taken on the look of defeat, of ruin. The casements had been torn from the partitions; the doors and windows were out. The furniture had been hauled up to high ground farther away for safety. She went hunting through the ghoul-like gloom for the dark, turning her lantern in every dark corner. She knew that she would find him sleeping.

Then she heard steps on the veranda. She ran toward them, expecting to see Sam. She swung her lantern full on two figures mounting the shallow steps. Rickard was with her sister-in-law.

"Oh, excuse me!" she blurted blunderingly. Of course Gerty would take a wrong intention from the stupid words!

The blue eyes met those of Innes with defiance. It was as though she had spoken: "Well, think what you will of it, you Hardins! I don't care what you think of me!"

What indeed did she think of it? Why should she feel like the culprit before these two, her words deserting her? It was Gerty's look that made her feel guilty, as though she had been spying. To meet them together, here at midnight, why should not they feel ashamed? She had done nothing wrong. And Tom down gone fighting—and they make his absence a cover for their rendezvous.

"I'm looking for Sam!" The effort behind the words turned them into an oratorical challenge.

"So are we. I want to send him home with Mrs. Hardin. She's worn out."

"She can go home with me. I am going directly. As soon as I give a message to Sam," she instantly regretted her words, abruptly halting. It came

to her that Rickard would insist upon delivering her message. Of course, he would oppose her going. Some petty reason or other. She knew from the men that he was oppositional, that he liked to show his power. Not safe, he would say, or the horse was needed, or Sam too busy to wait on her!

"You cannot go home alone, you two. The town is full of strange Indians. Give me your lantern, Miss Hardin; I'll rout out that darky."

Rebellously she gave him the lan-

tern. The light turned full on her averted angry eyes.

A naughty Thelma followed him. Sam was discovered asleep in the only room where the windows had not yet been attacked. His head rested on a bundle of sacked trees which the ladies of the Improvement club had planned to plant the next day. Deep snores betrayed his refuge.

"Here, Sam! I want you to take these ladies home. Chase yourself. They've been working while you've slept. I thought you'd have all these windows out by now."

Gerty had to supply the courtesy for two. She told Mr. Rickard in her appealing way that he had been very kind; that she "would have been frightened to death to go home alone."

Innes had to say something! "Good-night!" The words had an insulting ring.

The wind covered a passionate silence, as the two women, followed by Sam, yawning and stretching, made their way down the shrieking street. "It was true," Innes was thinking. She had at last stumbled on the rout, but it was not a matter of personal, but moral untidiness; not a carelessness of pins or plates, of tapes or dishes. It was far worse; a slackness of ethics. It meant more unhappiness for Tom.

Her aching muscles told her that she could not have slept four hours when the darky was back, knocking at her door.

Innes' horse loped through the silent streets.

"I'll run past the levee; perhaps Tom has come back." It occurred to her that there might be a message at the hotel. She pulled on her left rein, and swept past the deserted adobe.

As she reined in her horse, Rickard stepped out on the sidewalk. He, too, was heavy-eyed from a snatched nap.

"Were you looking for me?"

The scorn in the girl's face told him that his question was stupid. For him!

"Has my brother come back?"

He said he did not know. "You can see I have been dreaming!" She would not smile back at him, but rode off toward the levee.

Was this the river? West of the levee, a sea of muddy water spread over the land. There was yet a chance to save the towns, the town, she corrected herself, as her eye fell on the Mexican village across the ditch. For Mexicali was doomed. Some of the mud huts had already fallen; the water was running close to the station house.

She saw Wooster standing near, calculating the distance, the time, perhaps, before the new station would go. She hailed Wooster. Ruin was pre- saged in the lines of his forehead.

"Pretty bad?" she cried.

He shook his head.

"Is Tom back?"

"He's over there, now. Fighting like all possessed. He'll work till he drops." Wooster was proud of that method.

"We all know Tom!" Her pride sprang up. "But he's got to stop for a while. I'm going up after him."

"Not if my name's Wooster. I'll go. He'll mind me."

She watched the flowing river, swollen with wreckage. She saw, with comprehension, a section of a fence; somebody's crop gone. There was a railway tie, another! The river was eating up Estrada's new roadbed? A cry broke from her as a mesquit on the coffee-colored tide caught on a buried snag. The current swirled dangerously around it. Instantly, the water rose toward the top of the levee. Men came running to pry away the tree. A minute later, it was dancing down the stream. They raised the bank against the pressing lapping waves. There, the tree had struck again. They ran down the levee with their long poles. Each time that happened, unless the obstruction were swiftly dislodged, she knew it meant an artificial fall somewhere, a quick scouring out of the channel. The men were working like silent parts of a big machine; the confusion of the first night was gone. From their faces one would not guess that their fortunes, their homes, hung on the subduing of that indomitable force which had not yet known defeat, which had turned back explorer and conquistador. Ah, there was the lurking fear of it! Victory still lay to its credit; the other column was blank.

She saw Wooster coming toward her. His snapping black eyes shot out sparks of anger.

"He won't let me go."

"Who won't let you?" But she knew.

"Casey. Says he'll send some one else. I said as nobody else'd make Hardin stop. He said as that was up to Hardin."

Of course, he wouldn't let Wooster go!

"Orders me to bed," spat Wooster. "Wonder why he didn't order gruel, too. It's spite, antagonism to Hardin, that's what it is!" She believed that, too. Tom was right. Rickard did take advantage of his authority.

She did not see Rickard until he stood by her side.

"I'm sorry not to spare Wooster, Miss Hardin. But there's stiff work ahead. He's got to be ready for a call. If Hardin insists on spoiling one good soldier, that's his affair. I can't let him spoil two."

Wooster shrugged, and left them. "Spilling good soldiers!"

"I've taken Bodefeldt off duty. I told him to relieve Hardin."

Bodefeldt who blushed when anyone looked at him! He would be about as persuasive to Tom as a veil to a desert wind! She turned away, but not before Rickard saw again that transforming anger. Her eyes shone like topazes in sunlight. She would not trust herself to speak. Wooster was

waiting for her. Rickard could hear the man repeat. "I'm sorry, Miss Hardin. It's an outrage. That's what it is."

Queer, they couldn't see that it was Hardin's fault; Hardin who was up the river fighting like a melodramatic hero; fighting without caution or reserve, demoralizing discipline; he couldn't help admiring the bulldog energy, himself. That was what all these men adored. He'd clenched the girl's antagonism, now, for sure! How her eyes had flashed at him!

Hello! There was a tree floating down toward the station house. . . . "Bring your poles!" he yelled.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Passing of the Waters.

Babcock came rushing down from Los Angeles that morning to see what in thunder it was all about. He asked every one he met why some one didn't get busy and stop the cutting back of that river? There was no one at the offices of the company to report to

him! Why, the building was deserted. Ogilvie's letters had prophesied ruin. It all looked wrong to him. Going on to the levee, he met MacLean, Jr., who was coming away. The boy told him vaguely that he would find Rickard around there, somewhere.

"I'll hunt him up for you."

"Why, they are letter it get ahead of them!" Babcock's manner suggested that he was aggrieved that such carelessness to his revered company should go unpunished. Something, he told MacLean, might have been done before the situation got as bad as this!

His excited stride carried him across the dividing ditch, which now was carrying no water, into Mexicali. MacLean had to lengthen his step to keep pace with him. The havoc done to the Mexican village excited Babcock still more.

Estrada, just in from his submerged tracks, was lounging against an adobe wall. His pensive gaze was turned up-stream. The posture of exhaustion suggested laziness to Babcock, who was on the hunt for responsibility. He was more than ever convinced that the right thing was not being done.

"Estrada!"

Estrada took his eyes from the river. Babcock looked like a snapping terrier taking the ditch at a bound. MacLean, Jr., a little greyhound, followed.

"What the devil are you doing to stop this?" A nervous hand indicated the Mexican station gleaming in its fresh coat of paint; to the muddy water undermining its foundation.

Estrada drew a cigarette out of his pocket; lighted it before answering.

"Not a thing.



The
Greatest Name
In Goody-Land



That's why
The Flavor Lasts!

Poachers Kill Off Big Game.

Pisgah forest, United States government preserve and one of the few remaining big game sections of the country is about to be denuded of its game by poachers, according to statements by Rudolph Dittenbach, forest supervisor. Poachers, usually under cover of night, drive the deer out into the open or off the preserves and then kill them. The number slain is reaching alarming proportions.

Even rough men can be gentle when they meet a real woman.

Fortunate is the man upon whose face is written a letter of credit.

Abundance begets indifference.

When it is our duty to do an act of justice it should be done promptly. To delay is injustice.—LaBruyere.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Do your best, then take what comes without flinching. Every experience can be turned to good account.

Wonder what the critics would do if, nobody ever accomplished anything?

Starving in the Midst of Plenty

Acid-Stomach Steals Strength and
Good Feelings From Millions

One of the worst features of acid-stomach is that very often it literally starves its victims in the midst of plenty. And the strange thing about it is that the people with acid-stomachs seldom know what their trouble really is.

No matter how good or wholesome the food may be, or how much they eat, they do not gain in strength. This is clearly explained by the fact that an acid-stomach cannot properly digest food. Instead of healthy, normal digestion, the excess acid causes the food to sour and ferment. Then when this mass of sour, fermented food, charged with excess acid, passes into the intestines, it becomes the breeding place for all kinds of germs and toxic poisons, which in turn are absorbed into the blood and in this way distributed throughout the entire body. And that is exactly why it is that so many thousands of people eat and eat and keep on eating and yet are literally starving in the midst of plenty. Their acid-stomachs make it absolutely impossible for them to get the full measure of nourishment out of their food. And it doesn't take long for this poor nourishment to show its ill effects in a weakened, emaciated body.

You may say: "My stomach doesn't hurt me." That may be true because many victims of acid-stomach do not actually suffer stomach pains. Then again, there are millions who do suffer all kinds of aches and pains—head-aches, rheumatic twinges, gout, lumbago, pains around the heart and in the chest—who never dream that an

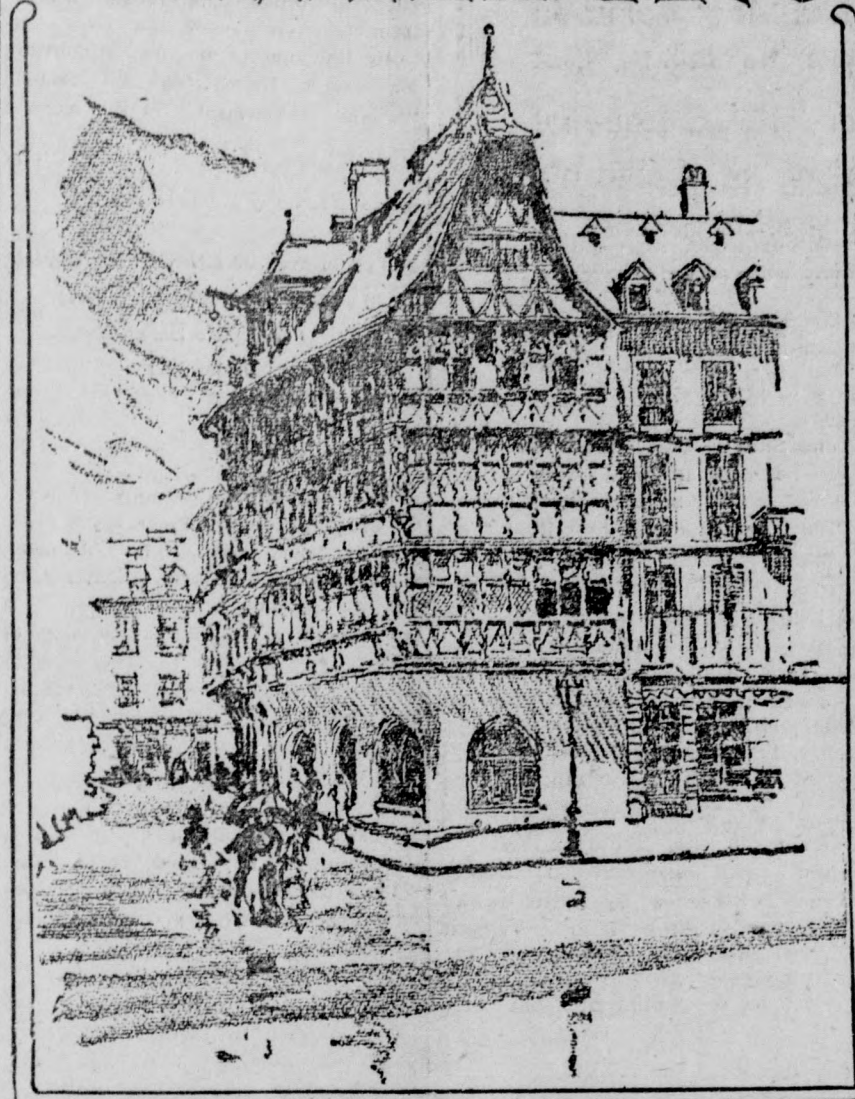
acid-stomach is the real cause of the trouble.

Naturally, the sensible thing to do is to strike right at the very cause of this trouble and clean the excess acid out of the stomach. There is a quick, easy way to do this. A wonderful new remedy quickly removes the excess acid without the slightest discomfort. It is EATONIC. Made in the form of tablets—they are good to eat—just like a bit of candy. They literally absorb the injurious excess acid and carry it away through the intestines. They also drive the bloated out of the body—in fact you can fairly feel it work. Make a test of EATONIC in your own case today. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist. See for yourself how surely it brings quick relief in those painful attacks of indigestion, bitter heartburn, belching, disgusting food repeating, that awful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and other stomach miseries. Banish all your stomach troubles so completely that you forget you have a stomach. Then you can eat what you like and digest your food in comfort without fear of distressing after effects.

If EATONIC does not relieve you, it will not cost you one penny. You can return it to your druggist and get your money back. So if you have the slightest question about your health—if you feel you are not getting all the strength out of your food—if you are not feeling tip-top, ready for your work, full of vim and vigor—do give EATONIC a fair trial this very day and see how much better you will feel.

EATONIC
FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

FREE CITY of STRASSBURG



An Old House in Strassburg.

STRASSBURG, from the remotest times, has revealed a love of liberty and independence which, it must be said, frequently bewildered and even disconcerted its would-be oppressors. Through its numerous vicissitudes it has retained a personality which nothing ever succeeded in destroying. Little is known of the city during the Celtic period. When the Romans invaded Gaul, they discovered on the banks of the Ill, and quite near the Rhine, a small village, the strategic importance of which they immediately recognized. Perched on a relatively high hill, Argentoratum, as the Romans named this hamlet, dominated the whole of the fertile plain of Alsace and the river valley. They therefore fortified it and established there the general headquarters of the legions who were especially entrusted with the defense of the passage of the Rhine. For more than three centuries this region remained under Roman domination, after which lapse of time it was conquered by a powerful Germanic tribe, the Alamans.

For several centuries, Strassburg was subjected to the continual vicissitudes of warfare, says the Christian Science Monitor. The Franks succeeded the Alamans and after the battle of Tolbiac in 496, Strassburg and the greater part of Alsace were Christianized by Clovis. Under the Merovingian dynasty, Strassburg was elevated to the dignity of a royal city. The Carolingian monarchs even signed several of their celebrated charters there. However, the city itself vegetated; lack of security hindered its development, and when, in 925, Alsace was incorporated in the German empire, Strassburg was still a relatively unimportant town. It had possessed a bishopric for several centuries, and so long as its development had remained stationary, had submitted unprotestingly to the dominion of the clergy. However, as its commerce developed and its industries gradually evolved, Strassburg rebelled, first timidly, then openly and successfully, against the clerical yoke.

Building the Great Cathedral.

The real prosperity of Strassburg dates from the thirteenth century, when it already numbered 50,000 inhabitants. The bishops vainly strove to regain their former supremacy by force of arms, but Strassburg defended itself with much energy and at last enjoyed a period of relative peace, during which all classes lived in harmony.

This period coincides with a great development in the fine arts. It was then that Gottfried of Strassburg, the first Alsatian poet of the middle ages, was scribe in his native town, and Erwin of Steinbach, artist and architect, undertook to build the cathedral on the site of the former basilica, erected about 670 A. D. on a spot where once stood a temple dedicated to Hercules.

The original plan of Master Erwin has not been faithfully followed, and it must be admitted that the edifice has lost nothing through this, but has rather gained considerably. He had conceived of a facade two stories in height, dominated by two towers of equal height. It was, however, many years later that the cathedral was completed, and the two towers were welded together at the height of the first story, the left tower alone being finished, its delicate openwork spire—a marvel of sculpture—rising 142 meters above the earth. The threefold portal, giving access to the three Gothic naves, is decorated by a multitude of remarkable sculptures.

The great tower was finished in 1439, under the direction of John

Holtz. Many were the artists who lovingly decorated this unique stone jewel. The baptistry was the work of John Dettinger; the pulpit that of Hans Hammerer, and innumerable humble artisans lovingly and piously decorated and embellished it. Their anonymous tribute is touchingly revealed in the slightest details of the gigantic and splendid masterpiece.

The Astronomical Clock.

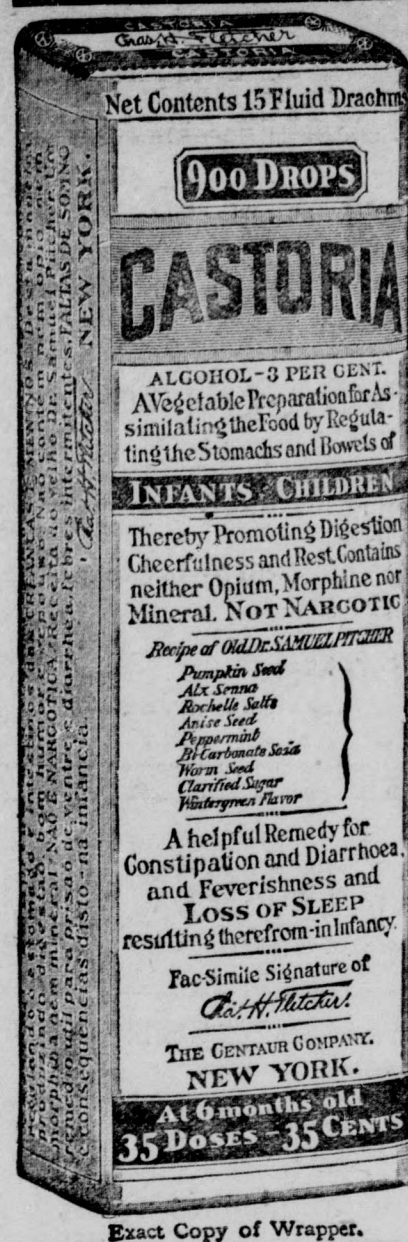
The great clock of the cathedral has been for nearly six centuries an object of public curiosity and amusement. This astronomical clock was first built by Bishop Berthold of Birsching in 1352, and was completed two years later by Bishop John of Lichtenberg. The clock originally occupied the space facing that which it occupies at present in the southern transept. Besides various astronomical devices indicating the true solar time, it has a great planetarium in which the revolution of the planets is represented, so that the relative position of each at any time can be seen at a glance. Then, on an elevated platform, are moving figures representing the four ages of man.

On a still higher platform is a natural-sized figure of Jesus, and at noon the twelve apostles pass before the feet of their master, bowing low. As Peter passes, a large and marvelously lifelike cock flaps his wings, ruffles his feathers and crows three times very loudly and naturally. The clock was definitely completed in 1574, to be destroyed during the revolution of 1790. But in 1842, a Strassburg artist named Schwieltgus built the clock which still exists and is a faithful copy of the old timepiece.

Houses of the Renaissance.

During the Renaissance, Strassburg enjoyed a prosperity of which some idea can be gained from the numerous monuments which were erected at that period. Many of these still exist, especially those old houses which abound in the little narrow streets in the neighborhood of the cathedral, where many picturesque old signboards bear evidence to the past. The Boecklin house, which once belonged to a noble family of lower Alsace, is among the most celebrated of the period. The courtyard of this house contains a magnificent stone staircase, and it also possesses a particularly fine Renaissance doorway. The House of the Crow, dating from the fourteenth century, is famous for its remarkable courtyard, and it is said that Frederick the Great lodged there in 1740. The House of the Dragon, recently demolished, was in the fourteenth century the residence of the Knights of Endingen, whilst the famous Kamerzell house on the Cathedral place, dating from 1467, is of world-wide renown. Its three stories were built at successive periods; but coiffed with its high, slanting roof, so characteristic of Strassburg, it rather resembles an immense dove-cote with its many windows.

During the thirty years' war, Alsace fell under the rule of France; Strassburg became French on the 30th of September, 1681, whilst the annexation was definitely ratified by the Peace of Ryswick in 1697. Vauban personally directed the construction of the citadel in 1682. But his fortifications, strong as they were, could not resist the intensely terrific bombardment to which the Germans subjected the old city in August and September, 1870, and Strassburg was obliged to capitulate after barely a month's resistance. During the shelling of the city, many of its finest public edifices, which were for the most part of the eighteenth century, were destroyed. Amongst these figured the magnificent library.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

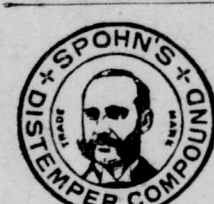
For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature
of

Dr. J. C. Watson
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



The Note Returned.

"I put a note in the jar for the milkman." "Yes, my dear, I found it in the milk."—Kansas City Journal.

CALLUS CORNS LIFT RIGHT OFF

Doesn't hurt to lift them
off with fingers



When Freezone removes corns from the toes or calluses from the bottom of the feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore or tender.

We have no right to feel badly because other people do not like us.—Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says: "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Look before you leap and you'll be either a bachelor or an old maid.

Your Eyes
Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggists or by mail 60c per Bottle. For Book of the Eye free write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

WORMS

"Wormy" that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as distemper. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—are bad. Don't physic 'em to death. Spohn's Compound will remove the worms, improve the appetite and tone 'em up all round and don't physic. Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Paradoxical Action.

"Why do those two speak so coolly to each other?" "Because they've had warm words."

"Cold In the Head"

Is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Persons who are subject to frequent "colds in the head" will find that the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will build up the system, cleanse the blood and render them less liable to colds. Repeated attacks of Acute Catarrh may lead to Chronic Catarrh. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. At Druggists 75c. Testimonials free. \$10.00 for any case of catarrh that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE will not cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

When an occasion is piled high with difficulty, we must rise to the occasion.

Direct current is electricity flowing continuously in the same direction.

For Colds, Catarrh or Influenza



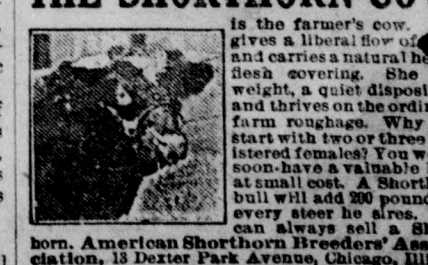
An old, reliable blood-maker and herbal tonic made from wild roots and barks, is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This "nature remedy" comes in tablet or liquid form. It will build up your body, cure your cold, and protect you from disease germs which lurk everywhere. One of the active ingredients of this temperance alternative and tonic is wild cherry bark with stillingia, which is so good for the lungs and for coughs; also Oregon grape root, blood root, stone root, Queen's root, all skillfully combined in the Medical Discovery. These roots have a direct action on the stomach, improving digestion and assimilation. These herbal extracts in the "Discovery" aid in blood-making, and are best for scrofula. By improving the blood they aid in throwing off an attack of influenza.

Catarrh should be treated, first, as a blood disease with this alternative. Then, in addition, the nose should be washed daily with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Send 10c for trial pkg. of Medical Discovery Tablets or Catarrh Tablets to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE SHORTHORN COW
Is the farmer's cow. She gives a liberal flow of milk and carries a natural flesh covering. She is weight, a quiet disposition and thrives on the ordinary farm roughage. Why not start with two or three registered females? You would soon have a valuable herd at small cost. A Shorthorn bull will add 200 pounds to every steer he breeds. You can always tell a Shorthorn.

born. American Shorthorn Breeders' Association, 13 Dexter Park Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



FARM WANTED

Must be good location and good soil. State whether improved or unimproved. Give nature of improvements and class of soil—name lowest price and terms.

E. CULVER
THE SQUARE DEAL LAND MAN
Box 36, Grand Forks, N. D.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 15-1919.

Jewelry and Repairing

SPECIAL—Men's Leather Belts \$1.50 value for \$1
Soft Collar Pins at25c and 50c

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FRANK FRAIBERG

Closed Thursday afternoons.

Opposite P. E. Station

REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

Special Attention to Renters
Going to Buy?—Consult my
lists.

Want to Rent?—Inspect my
properties.

A. N. ADAMS

Phone Black 8.

22 North Baldwin Ave.

"Build the City—Trade Here"

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.

Incorporated

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Puget Sound Pine
and Redwood

LUMBER

Shingles, Doors, Sash and General Building Material

W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

Automobile for Hire!

FIVE-PASSENGER OVERLAND

Anywhere — Any Time — Night Calls A Specialty

Rates \$2.00 per Hour

Special Rates by the Day—Minimum for Local Calls 25c

H. A. BINFORD

N. E. Cor. Highland and Mt. Trail

Phone Black 122

**TELEPHONE
RED 143**

FOR—POULTRY FEED, GRAINS AND HAY
EGG MASH SCRATCH FOOD

No Grit or Shell

Wheat, Barley, Baby Chick Feeds, Dairy Feed, Hog Feed, Oil Meals
Oats, Poultry Remedies, Etc. Etc.

—ALL AT LOWEST PRICES AND PROMPT DELIVERY—

J. W. STRICKLAND

139 ESPERANZA STREET

Between Baldwin and Hermosa

For Sale--CHEAP

Some of the best business and residence lots on the
West Side. All within the limits of Central, Highland,
Hermosa and Lima.

Three fine corners on Central Avenue.

Apply to owner,
102 N. Hermosa

MRS. C. B. JONES,
Phone Black 83.

J. C. WHYTE

Transfer and Express

FURNITURE MOVING A SPECIALTY.

PHONE BLUE 55

148 N. MT. TRAIL

FREE ICE CREAM

A cone of Alfred's Ice Cream free
to every boy and girl calling for it

Saturday, May 10th--All Day

We carry a complete line of Fresh Candies and Cigars

First Door East P. O.
Phone Green 85

Pettitt's News Stand

A HOME BAKERY

I WISH TO INFORM THE PUBLIC THAT I HAVE INSTALLED A
HOME BAKERY

IN SIERRA MADRE AND WILL DEAL DIRECT WITH THE PUBLIC
AND GIVE IT THE BENEFIT OF SAVING TWO OR THREE
PROFITS. I GIVE YOU YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AND SANIT-
ARY BAKING AT A

Reduced Cost

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

JOE HUTTNER

REAR OF BERBEINS' STORE.

SCHOOL NOTES

Hilda Barrett, Editor.

Viola Fennel and Mary Jameson,
Reporters

The pupils of Miss Appleby's room
are eagerly awaiting the germination
of seeds planted in their sand table.

The kindergarten rooms were the
scene of a May Party given by the
Fourth grade and their teacher, Miss
Powell, Friday afternoon, May 2.
Many games were played after which
refreshments of ice cream, cake and
candy were served.

The Seventh grade is exhibiting at
the library this week, the legends they
have written.

The Sierra Madre Grammar school
played Rivera and beat them 27 to 3.

The First grade pupils with the as-
sistance of their teacher, Mrs. Alf,
gave a delightful program at the P.-T.
A. meeting Wednesday afternoon,
April 31st, at the kindergarten build-
ing. Those who took part were Jose-
phine Hare, Edith Hawks, Frances
Moote, Gladys Settel, Florence Mar-
zoli and Vernie Heisner in the Tea
Party; Alfred Bennett, Milton Kirby
and David Roess in Three Boys and
a Drum; Frances Moote and William
Felgate gave Jack and Jill; a song,
"Sweet Pea Ladies" by Edith Hawks,
Pearl Park, Frances Moote, Virginia
Roess, Annabeth Drawbridge and
Gladys Settel; two poems, one by the
girls and one by the boys were the
next numbers on the program, the
girls reciting "The Girls We Like"
and the boys "The Kind of Boys We
Like to Know." Gladys Settel, Edith
Hawks and Virginia Roess sang "Bye
Baby Bunting."

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

By Mrs. Palmer Rhodes

The next meeting of the Sierra
Madre Woman's Club will be held at
the club house, on Monday evening,
May 12 at 8 o'clock, at which time
Harry Williams, Times' war cor-
respondent, will speak. His subject being
"From Paris to Brussels by Way of
the Argonne-Ypres." The Board of
Directors anticipating a most interest-
ing program decided to make this an
open meeting in order to give the op-
portunity of attending to anyone in
Sierra Madre desirous of so doing.
There will be no admission. Another
interesting feature of the meeting
will be the report of the nominating
committee.

On Friday, May 9th, there will be
a "May Dance" at the club house.
Come prepared to have a happy time
and perhaps you will be the lucky one
in the spot dance.

PRESIDENT TO THE PEOPLE

President Wilson authorizes the fol-
lowing statement:

"For two anxious years the Amer-
ican people have striven to fulfill the
task of saving our civilization. By the
exertion of unmeasured power they
have quickly won the victory without
which they would have remained in
the field until the last resource had
been exhausted. Bringing to the con-
test a strength of spirit made doubly
strong by the righteousness of their
cause, they devoted themselves un-
swervingly to the prosecution of their
undertaking in the full knowledge
that no conquest lay in their path
excepting the conquest of right.

Today the world stands free from
the threat of militarism which has so
long weighed upon the spirit and the
labour of peaceful nations.

But as yet we stand only at the
threshold of happier times. To enter
we must fulfill to the utmost the en-
gagements we have made. The Vic-
tory Loan is the indispensable means.
Two years ago we pledged our lives
and fortunes to the cause for which
we have fought. Sixty thousand of
our strongest sons have redeemed for
us that pledge of blood. To redeem in
full faith the promise of this sacri-
fice we now must give this new evi-
dence of our promise."

Woodrow Wilson.

"SEEING IT THROUGH"

"Seeing it Through" is an American
figure of speech.

It is used to describe:

The pugilist who fights blindly on
even though he knows he is defeated.
The business man who pays all his
debts even though it means complete
failure.

The soldier who calmly met death in
a shell-hole because he had been or-
dered to hold that position if possible.

The ability and determination to
"See it Through" is recognized as an
American attribute. The citizen who
starts something and then fails to
"See it Through" is lowered in the es-
timation of his fellows.

We Americans started something in
April, 1917. To all intents and pur-
poses the job was ended last Novem-
ber. As a matter of fact, a few de-

tails still are to be attended to—bills
principally. Among other things Un-
cle Sam wants to bring home his
nephews in France and take care of
those who were wounded and crip-
pled in winding up the Big Job. And
there are other obligations that must
be met.

In other words, we, as business as-
sociates of Uncle Sam, will not be
"Seeing it Through" until we have
wiped out these debts.

And the way to do it is to buy
Victory Liberty Loan Notes.

**NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ES-
TATE UNDER EXECUTION**

Sheriff's Sale

No. B64714

Earle, Plaintiff.

vs.

Cooper, Defendant.

By virtue of an execution issued out
of the Superior Court of the County
Los Angeles, State of California,
wherein Virginia Earle, plaintiff, and
Sarah Cooper defendant, upon a
judgment rendered the 21st day of
March, A. D. 1919 for the sum of
Five hundred three and 45-100 (\$503.-
45) Dollars lawful money of the
United States, besides costs and inter-
est, I have levied upon all the right,
title, claim and interest of said de-
fendant Sarah Cooper of, in and to
the following described real estate
situate in the County of Los Angeles,
State of California, and bounded and
described as follows:

Lots forty-four (44) and forty-five
(45) of Roosevelt Park Tract as per
map recorded in book seven (7) at
page one hundred and eighty-nine
(189) in the office of the recorder of
Los Angeles county, State of Califor-
nia.

Public Notice is Hereby Given,
That I will, on Tuesday the 13th day
of May, A. D. 1919 at 12 o'clock M.
of that day in front of the Court
House door of the County of Los An-
geles, Broadway entrance, sell at pub-
lic auction, for lawful money of the
United States, all the right, title,
claim and interest of said defendant
Sarah Cooper of, in and to the above
described property, or so much there-
of as may be necessary to raise suf-
ficient to satisfy said Judgment, with
interest and costs, etc., to the highest
and best bidder.

Dated this 17th day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
Thomas A. Sanson, Plaintiff's At-
torney.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale

No. B72209

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclo-
sure and Sale
Herman M. Erickson, plaintiff.

vs.

William G. Erickson, also known as
W. G. Erickson, Anna M. Johnson,
Peter Johnson, Hans S. Erickson, M.
Alleen Erickson, also known as
Mary Alleen Erickson, and also as
M. Aileen Erickson, Title Insurance
and Trust Company, a corporation,
John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

Under and by virtue of and order
of sale and decree of foreclosure and
sale, issued out of the Superior Court
of the County of Los Angeles, of the
State of California, on the 15th day
of April A. D. 1919, in the above en-
titled action, wherein Herman M.
Erickson the above named plaintiff,
obtained a judgment and decree of
foreclosure and sale against William
G. Erickson, et al, defendants, on the
8th day of April A. D. 1919, for the
sum of Twenty-five hundred and fif-
teen and 43-100 (\$2515.43) dollars
gold coin of the United States, which
said decree was, on the 15th day of
April A. D. 1919, recorded in Judg-
ment Book 469 of said Court, at page
381, I am commanded to sell all those
certain lot, piece or parcel of land sit-
uate, lying and being in the County of
Los Angeles, State of California, and
bounded and described as follows:

Lots thirteen (13), fourteen (14),
fifteen (15), twenty-two (22), twenty-
three (23), twenty-four (24), twenty-
five (25) and all of lot nineteen (19)
except the north one hundred (100)
feet thereof, of Kirkwood Heights, as
per map recorded in book 10, page
138 of maps, records of said county.

Together with all and singular the
tenements, hereditaments and appur-
tenances thereunto belonging or in
anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given, That,
on Monday, the 19th day of May, A.
D. 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day
in front of the Court House door of
the County of Los Angeles, Broadway
entrance, I will, in obedience to said
order of sale and decree of foreclosure
and sale, sell the above described prop-
erty, or so much thereof as may be
necessary to satisfy said judgment,
with interests and costs, etc., to the
highest and best bidder, for cash gold
coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of April, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
O. E. Winburn, Plaintiff's Attor-
ney.

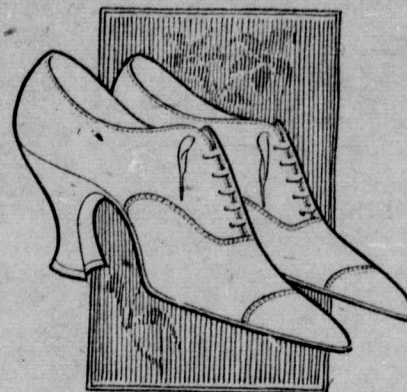
Walk-Over Boot Shop

36 East Colorado St. - Pasadena, California

**Men's
Oxfords**

IN
TAN
AND
BLACK

\$5.50
to
\$10.00



**Women's
Oxfords
& Pumps**

IN
WHITE
BLACK
and
TAN

\$6.00 to \$11

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF MEN'S, AND WOMEN'S
MOUNTAIN BOOTS

SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

Bassett's Walk-Over Boot Shop

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

36 EAST COLORADO ST.

PHONE F. O. 240

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. H. MACKERRAS, M. D.

Sierra Madre Office 138 W. Central
Hours: Mon. Wed. and Fri. 10:30
to 11:30 by appointment. Phone
Main 53 or Green 57.
Pasadena Office, Central Building.
Phone Colo. 334. Res. Phone Colo.
1191.

LLOYD L. KREBS, M. D.

Sierra Madre Office, 4 N. Baldwin.
Tues., Thurs., Sat.—11to 12:30.
Phone Main 60.
Pasadena Office, Dodworth Bldg.
Colorado and Fair Oaks. Hours 2-4.
Phone FO 353; Res. 72 W. Algeria,
Main 111.

DR. KEITH M. WALKER

Optometrist

Eyes tested and broken lenses re-
placed. Examination by appoint-
ment. Phone Red 142. 263 West
Highland Avenue.

MAY JANET CULBERTSON

Osteopathic Physician

Oil Rub, Massage. Phone Blue 36.
Residence and Office 193 West Cen-
tral Ave.

ALLEN T. GAY

Funeral Director

Phone Main 93. 201 West Central
Avenue, Sierra Madre, Cal.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale

No. B70651

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclo-
sure and Sale
First Trust and Savings Bank of Pas-
adena, a corporation as administra-
tor with the will annexed of the es-
tate of Detlef Guttat, deceased,
Plaintiffs.

vs.

Geo. B. Fitzmier, Geraldine Fitzmier,
John Doe and Jane Doe, defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of
sale and decree of foreclosure and
sale, issued out of the Superior Court
of the County of Los Angeles, of the
State of California, on the 26th day
of April A. D. 1919, in the above en-
titled action, wherein First Trust and
Savings Bank of Pasadena, etc., the
above named plaintiff, obtained a
judgment and decree of foreclosure
and sale against Geo. B. Fitzmier,
Geraldine Fitzmier, et al, defendants,
on the 15th day of April A. D. 1919,
for the sum of Nine hundred three
and 44-100 (\$903.44) dollars gold coin
of the United States, which said de-
cree was, on the 25th day of April
A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment
Book 250 of said Court, at page 273,
I am commanded to sell all those cer-
tain lot, piece or parcel of land sit-
uate, lying and being in the County of
Los Angeles, State of California, and
bounded and described as follows:

Lots one (1) and seven (7) of Glen-
arm Knoll, as per map recorded in
book 17, page 86 of maps, in the office
of the county recorder, of said county
of Los Angeles.

Together with all and singular the
tenements, hereditaments and appur-
tenances thereunto belonging or in
anywise appertaining.

Public Notice is hereby given, That
on Monday the 2nd day of June, A.
D. 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day
in front of the Court House door of
the County of Los Angeles, Broadway
entrance, I will in obedience to said
order of sale and decree of foreclo-
sure and sale, sell the above describ-
ed property, or so much thereof as
may be necessary to satisfy said judg-
ments, with interests and costs, etc.,
to the highest and best bidder, for
cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 8th day of May, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
James S. Bennett, Plaintiff's Attor-
ney.

Mrs. Clara Westing

announces
That she Will Accept Orders
for

DRESSMAKING

with childrens' dresses a
specialty

Your patronage solicited
30 SOUTH LIMA STREET

SAVE**Money
Energy
Time**

BY SENDING US YOUR
DRY CLEANING!
WITH YOUR LAUNDRY

**1 BUNDLE
DELIVERY
BILL**

—expert workmen
—modern, sanitary equip-
ment.
—prompt service
—right prices

Monrovia Laundry Co.
Sierra Madre Solicitor
GREEN 85

**Mount. Wilson
Coffee Parlor**

LUNCHES
FOR
HIKERS
A
SPECIALTY

J. A. Saenger
At the End of the Car Line

**CLEANING
& PRESSING**

Special attention given to al-
ternations and repair work.
Prompt Service

Good Work
Reasonable Rates

CLAUD HARRIMAN
Red 64 10 N. Baldwin Ave.

Pig Iron From Iron Sands.
Experiments in New Zealand have
demonstrated the practicability of pro-
ducing pig iron from iron sands. The
development of the industry has reach-
ed the stage where iron is actually pro-
duced at the rate of 15 tons per day.
Pigs are now being made for greatly
enlarging the plant.

NURSE LITTLETON USES IT
Harper's Solid Extract of Red Clo-
ver, (not a patent medicine) restores
the flu, cleanses the blood, prevents
convalescents and builds up the sys-
tem. Recommended and sold by F. H.
Hartman & Son, druggists. adv.